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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1912.

The Week

Col. Roosevelt chose his own battle-ground at Chicago, on Tuesday, and suffered a severe defeat in the first encounter. It was severe in cold fact, and it was much more severe in its moral effect. All the preliminary bluster and inflated claims of his managers—Senator Dixon proclaimed a "flat majority of 42" for Roosevelt on Monday—were submitted to the test of a roll call, and the event showed that he had 56 less votes than the Taft forces. Moreover, the support of his candidate for temporary chairman included 23 votes—13 from Wisconsin and 10 from Iowa—that would not be cast for himself. This was the result of his manœuvre in putting up, not one of his own following, but a La Follette man from Wisconsin. It is only fair to add, by way of offset, that a few Roosevelt delegates voted for Root. Making every allowance, however, the demonstration was clear that Roosevelt has only a minority in the Convention. Such was the upshot of what William Allen White grandiloquently described as Mr. Roosevelt's decision to change American history for the next fifty years by defeating Senator Root's election as temporary chairman of the Convention! The defeat was on the other leg.

The President would have done better to confine his veto message accompanying his return of the Army Appropriation bill to a clear-cut refusal to accept it because of its infringement upon his exclusive power to make appointments. His charge that the bill works extensive but ill-considered changes in the organization of the army is not borne out by the facts. The consolidation of the paymasters, quartermasters, and commissaries was recommended by Secretary Root ten years and more ago. Gen. Sheridan, at the beginning of his Civil War service, when acting as chief commissary of the Army of Southwest Missouri, asked that the duties of the quartermaster also be given to him, as the separation of the two made for inefficiency, and he demonstrated the truth

of this. It has been mischievous ever since, including the period of the Spanish War. Even Gen. Wood was at first for this consolidation, until he changed his mind. So far as we recollect, there has been no House Military Affairs Committee of recent years that has taken its duties so seriously, its one mistake being the legislation in regard to Gen. Wood. It has held many hearings for a year past, and as a whole its bill contains the most noteworthy reforms since Secretary Root's. As to the proposed reorganization now being drafted by the General Staff—why should Congress have to wait for that? It does not follow that it will be acceptable to Congress or the country; for it is certain to be an advanced bit of militaristic scheming, insuring heavier financial burdens, more rapid promotions, and higher rank for officers—that has been the nub of all the General Staff's reform suggestions heretofore.

It will soon be necessary to offer a reward for knowledge of the whereabouts of Champ Clark, if the gas continues to leak out of his boom at the present rate. Even the Hearst papers have cooled in their once ardent support of this "Missouri Lincoln." The truth is that it is as apparent that Clark cannot lead the Democracy with any hope of success as it was that La Follette could not capture the Republican masses. The Democratic politicians may not throw him overboard with the frank brutality of the Rooseveltians in parting company with the Wisconsin Progressive; indeed, we are inclined to think Clark will be let down very easily by a handsome vote in the Convention—on the first ballot. But the emergency is too grave, the possibilities of victory too bright, to spoil all by a choice that would not even interest people for a week.

The news from Cuba is of a decidedly encouraging character, even though Gen. Estenoz still appears very much alive. But there seems to be no doubt that the revolution is beginning to peter out; and the Government is now to face the question of feeding the reconcentrados who are already reported to be suffering much as they were under Weyler. That there have been brutalities

and deliberate murders on both sides is undoubtedly true. That the revolt whenever finally crushed will leave the beginnings of antagonism between races in Cuba is highly probable. Heretofore, they have lived together in peace and good will. The Government at Washington now seems confident that the worst is over; at least, this appears from the reports that the battleships will speedily leave Cuban waters. It may be that this outcome only postpones for a time the fall of the Gomez Government, but it does show that there is still considerable vitality in that Government and that the Cuban people as a whole are content to work along as they are. Had there been a widespread and intense discontent, the revolution must have spread beyond the possibility of its extinction, save by intervention. Meanwhile, it would be no mistake if a hint should come out of Washington that one term is enough for Gomez.

So much is heard of rough and tempestuous methods of dealing with the courts that the public often overlooks the quiet work of reform, not only in the change of procedure, but in fundamental judicial conceptions, that is steadily going on. A report read on Saturday, at the National Conference of Charities and Corrections in Cleveland, was entitled, "Socialization of the Court." It was presented by Mr. Bailey Burritt, and gave in instructive detail an account of the great improvements in the administration of the inferior criminal courts in New York. These have been brought about partly by legislation, establishing special courts to deal with particular forms of delinquency, but more by a changed idea of the whole function of criminal prosecution, and the punishment of wrong-doers, in connection with certain kinds of offences. The judge of a criminal court, that is to say, has come to feel that he is dealing not only with individuals but with society; that behind the prisoner at the bar there exist a predisposing cause, antecedents, and an environment, which must be understood before the crime itself can be understood or its punishment adequately meted out. This is what Mr. Burritt has in mind in speaking of the lower courts as now go-

ing through the process of being "socialized." It really means simply that a successful effort is being made to render the judicial function, in this respect, more intelligent and more effective.

The band of athletes that is to represent this country at the Stockholm games contains representatives of nearly every racial strain that has gone into the making of the American nation. At one end of the scale we have the American Indian, and at the other end the Italian, who is one of the latest comers among our immigrants. Between them are Anglo-Saxon and Irish and German and Scandinavian and Slav and Negro. The Olympic team reproduces conditions which make the reading of box-scores in baseball so interesting an exercise in the study of ethnological evolution. "Sangallo to Sheehan to Schultze" is the chapter heading in a recent baseball story which cleverly and vividly sums up a process of the highest meaning for the sociologist and the statesman. The effects of every successive wave of immigration are soonest felt in the playground and on the athletic field. Long before the new elements in our population have fought their way up in the social scale, they have won a place in the eye of the vast democracy that flocks every day in summer to the baseball parks. To the invading hosts of Europe this country holds out the advantages of the playground as well as of the public school. Sometimes there is even reason for believing that the playing field may push the school-house into the background as an assimilating force among the children of the foreign-born.

The remission of tolls to American vessels, as provided for in the Panama Canal bill now reported by the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, is to be assailed by Senator Root, whose contention is that we are bound by our treaty obligations to accord equal treatment to foreign and American vessels. The treaty declares:

The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

It is a desperate fight Senator Root is entering upon, this attempt to enforce

the observance of international faith where we have repeatedly shown that we have no desire to do so. Broken pledges dot the entire history of the Canal. The Canal was made possible by a raid on a defenceless republic with whom we were in the act of negotiation. Its fortification was made possible by violating an implied pledge not to fortify it. Then why not be logical and round out the record by another act of broken faith? Senator Root must be a visionary.

Something in the chemical constitution of sugar apparently creates an irresistible tendency towards graft. A prolonged investigation by the Federal authorities at Philadelphia of custom-house practices pursued by the Sugar Trust and its competitors, has been productive of revelations almost as sensational as those brought to light in New York city, and dealt with, some time ago. What helps to make the Philadelphia disclosures dramatic is that the same game of bribery and cheating should have gone on in spite of the exposures in New York. Apparently, no attempt at defence is to be made by the Philadelphia interests, from whom has come an offer of restitution to any amount stipulated by the Government. No defence is forthcoming from the Trust, but a pathetic excuse to the effect that the independent refineries have been playing the same game of fraud. Ostensibly, it is all the fault of the competitive system. If the Trust had succeeded in doing away with all rivals, the cruel laws of competition would not have arisen to make cheating necessary. As it is, an old habit is hard to break.

Mr. Carnegie's Rectorial address to the Aberdeen students ranged from books to tobacco, from whiskey to efficiency. Amid the many topics touched upon, he found time to say a few words about taxation. To the income tax, "during life," Mr. Carnegie said that there are "some serious but still not overwhelming objections"; but he is apparently willing that the state shall go as far as it likes with the property of a citizen after he is dead. He flatly declared: "There is no objection whatever to one-half of the millionaire's hoard being taken by the state at his death." This is pushing the graduated inheritance tax further than it has any-

where been practiced. There is no likelihood of any such law being adopted in New York, but doubtless the State authorities would be glad to make a private arrangement with Mr. Carnegie to take half his hoard.

Meat riots which have broken out in some large cities and are threatened in others are notable for being women's affairs. In most riots women have a hand, but only seldom do they constitute the mob, and experts agree that when they do go into that sort of thing they are much harder to handle than an equal body of men, because one never knows what to expect of them. The way this infection has spread from city to city during the last fortnight recalls an incident in the spring of 1863, when the women in a chain of cities of the Confederacy, beginning with Mobile and ending with Richmond, were stirred to revolt by an alleged shortage in the food supply of the South. By the time the uprising reached Richmond, it had become so clamorous that neither the Mayor nor the Governor felt able to cope with it by peaceful dissuasion, and a body of troops was called out. But Jefferson Davis, having a keener eye for human weaknesses than the local functionaries, was able to disperse the mob in five minutes, and without firing a shot. He had noticed that, in spite of the cries for bread, these women had passed by well-stocked bakeries and markets with no show of violence, but had looted a jeweler's shop and one or two millinery and dress-goods establishments. Using this inconsistency for a text, he routed with his sarcasm a mob which had vaunted its contempt for powder and ball. The later woman-rioters have not exposed themselves to just this form of satire; but can one conceive a worse economic absurdity than an attempt to lower the price of meat by destroying great quantities of it?

From the Association of Harvard Clubs, which held its annual banquet in New York last week, all Cambridge expects a great deal. Organization being the trend of the hour, why should not our universities profit by it? Originally, the alumni association was satisfied to demonstrate its usefulness by meeting once a year at Commencement. But then came the Harvard Clubs of the cities, imitating or preceding those

of other colleges. That did not go far enough, so that there were soon many Harvard Clubs of the suburbs, the towns, and often of the counties. Even that did not suffice, and so there have appeared these federations of clubs or associations—Yale has one in the West. Thus has been created a new alumni machinery, the possibilities of which are well worth serious consideration, for the individual clubs have usually done something more than to bring men together for social purposes. They have given scholarships to the university or made other donations, and have also served as recruiting committees or centres for the distribution of information as to what the college offers, where the examinations may be taken, what it costs to live within the campus or without, what scholarships are available, etc.

The work of financial and administrative reconstruction in China is still held in abeyance, while negotiations among the six Powers who in principle have agreed to the necessary loan move on in leisurely fashion. For the present, the cause of the delay seems to rest with Russia and Japan. Originally the Chinese loan was to be a four-Power arrangement. Only upon direct insistence from St. Petersburg and Tokio was the number of co-partners increased to six. Having gained their principal point, the two Governments are apparently of the mind that there is no reason to hurry. It is not necessary to find any ulterior political motives in their action. Neither Russia nor Japan is a creditor nation and the financial responsibilities connected with the loan may very well present them with a difficult problem to solve. If, however, it is the case that the conclusion of the loan has been delayed by bickerings among the Powers concerning political advantages in China, it is time largely wasted not only for the Peking Government, but for the participating Powers. The day has gone for any real fears over the issue of the Open Door. The domination of a single Power or an alliance of Powers at Peking was conceivable under the old palace régime. Under its present constitutional government, however imperfectly it may function at first, it is inconceivable that the Empire can be made the absolute monopoly of any group of foreign interests. And, in the

second place, the new China is bound to offer such vast opportunities for commercial and industrial development, that surely there will be enough for everybody at the loan broker's table.

The general strike of English dock-workers has been a failure from the beginning, and its only result will probably be the collapse of the strike in the port of London. Once more the workers have been taught that the general strike is an exceedingly dangerous weapon to play with, and that at best it is an instrument whose edge is rapidly dulled with use. In revolutionary theory it may seem that the general strike is to win the victory by which the workers will ultimately come into their own. In practice it has been shown that only a mighty effort, born of long preparation, can set a general strike going and keep it going. To call upon the workers for repeated efforts of the kind in quick succession is to invite disaster, followed by a long period of exhaustion. Reason, of course, does not entirely decide the question. There is such a thing as strike fever. But the leaders should know better. Leaders who speak glibly of "paralyzing" an entire industry only too often succeed in "paralyzing" the organized strength of their followers for years to come.

In his first report on Egypt, Lord Kitchener remarks that "calm and well-considered interest in political affairs is good for both the governed and those who rule." But the soldier now in charge of the English representation in Egypt has scant patience with interest in political affairs which is not "calm" enough to suit him. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, whose zeal and information in all that relates to the modern movement in Egypt are well known, writes a long letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, giving case after case of prosecution of Nationalist newspapers and the fining and imprisoning of their editors for offences which in England would be no offences at all. Kitchener has revived an obsolete press law, dating from 1881—a law then proclaimed by decree at the time of the Arabi rebellion, though never really put in force even then. It enables judges to proceed summarily against publications or speeches which express "contempt of the Government," or "incite to hatred of the Government."

These are dangerously vague phrases. Fancy their being used against Conservative newspapers in England! The jails would be filled with Tory editors. But Kitchener has made use of this authority to proceed remorselessly against the Nationalist press in Egypt, having gone so far as to prohibit the "entrance, circulation, and sale" of the little English monthly, *Egypt*. The latter's chief offence was copying an article from the *Fortnightly Review*, which purported to give on authority Lord Kitchener's views on the ultimate aims of English policy in Egypt. Yet the *Fortnightly* itself circulates as freely as before. This kind of military censorship is only one of the evils which might be expected to arise from putting a soldier in power in a country where a strong national movement is seeking to make itself felt.

Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who died in Paris on Sunday, was an eminent example of the publicist, a type which was once upon a time better known in this country than it is to-day, but which we are now in the process of rediscovering. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu was not so great a scholar in any one field as his famous brother, Pierre Paul, founder and editor of *L'Economiste Français*, was in his own. But the list of his works shows an extraordinary range of interests, and, in particular, the social questions of his own time and his own country had in him an indefatigable student. He was one of the little band of Frenchmen who, just about thirty years ago, took up the task of bringing the Russian people to the attention of Europe. In his "Empire of the Czars" and "A Russian Statesman" he did for the political and social life of Russia what the Vicomte de Vogüe did for Russian literature two or three years later. And to the present day his studies of Russia have remained, with Mackenzie Wallace's masterly book, the authoritative treatises on the subject. They represent the scholarly side of his life's work. On the publicist side we find him discussing the subject of church and religion in the modern state, as affected by such contemporary phenomena as anti-clericalism, Socialism, and anti-Semitism. The manifold aspects of democratic and social evolution have been examined by him from the standpoint of enlightened liberalism.

THE NEGRO DELEGATES.

The part played by the negro delegates at Chicago has been altogether deplorable. Every known temptation was put in their way to win them from their allegiance to the President, and the pressure brought to bear upon them by those of their own color was probably without precedent. It was not necessary for the delegates whose affidavits have been printed to assure the public that money was being offered. That is unfortunately a characteristic happening at every National Convention of the Republican party. It was, however, an unusual and a discouraging spectacle to find so eloquent and able a leader of his people as the Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom openly urging the negro delegates to break faith on the ground that Taft broke faith with them.

But the responsibility for this deplorable situation, which is bound to work great harm to the colored people as a whole, lies chiefly with the white Republican politicians. For more than forty years their money has corrupted the negro politician. Every four years the "stranger from the North" has gone South with his bag of money, or his flattery, or his promise of offices and what not, and the negroes have as readily yielded to the bribes offered as have the white men of Adams County, Ohio, in years past. In the South they have known no other way of doing things; the whole machine is a bogus one; the very delegates to Chicago may not be allowed to cast their votes at home. Yet the Southern negro clings to this Republican office-brokering with an intensity which few not members of the race can understand; this not merely because of the money to be obtained and the offices to be gained. For it is often the only evidence they have down there that there is a Government at Washington, save for an occasional Federal grand jury, with its indictments for peonage. There are millions of men who are forbidden to take part in their own government in any other way. They cannot vote at school elections, nor pass upon bond issues, nor regulate their own taxes and assessments, nor help to choose their local or State officials. They have many aspiring leaders, and office of any kind, whether in a fraternal organization or in a life insurance company, bulks twice as large

to them as to a white man with his greater opportunities. Hence participation in a National Convention or the holding of a Federal job in the South is one of the chief ambitions to the realization of which a colored man may aspire.

When, therefore, Mr. Taft announced his policy not to appoint a negro to office in a community which did not like such appointment, the whole colored race was chilled. It is easy enough to get a Southern white man to protest against any negro appointment, and the natural result has been that there are fewer negro officeholders in the South than since the war, whereas Mr. Roosevelt was particularly generous in this respect. Even officeholders in the internal revenue service—in one case, in Alabama, the man had done satisfactory work for more than thirty years—have not been reappointed during the Taft Administration. To the race this has seemed treason; so have the President's silence in the matter of lynchings, until the beginning of his campaign, and the Wilberforce statement—which has been interpreted as meaning that Mr. Taft believed that all education should be "Jim-Crowed." Then Mr. Taft promised to make J. C. Napier of Nashville Treasurer of the United States, only to change his mind later and give the place to a white man. That would have been the highest office ever held by a negro, and the disappointment was not overcome when Mr. Napier was made Register of the Treasury. When Mr. Taft thought of appointing Judge Hook, co-author of a Jim-Crow decision, to the Supreme Court, his own "black Cabinet" revolted and told him frankly that if he did so no colored man would be found to speak for him in the campaign. Events are showing that they were not exaggerating the dissatisfaction of their people.

As for Mr. Roosevelt, at the time of the Brownsville incident this volatile race was more indignant with him than it is to-day with Taft. But such intense emotions do not last long with either race, and Brownsville is being forgotten to-day in the memory of many straightforward and manly utterances and actions of Mr. Roosevelt in regard to the colored people. Just as he won back the white South after the Booker Washington luncheon incident—something most people believed wholly impossible

—so he has won back the colored people as a whole. Of that there can be no doubt, any more than one can question a change of attitude in a part of Wall Street. It has ever been Mr. Roosevelt's luck to lose supporters and win them again in amazing fashion. His followers have even had the audacity to shoulder on Mr. Taft the Brownsville affair, though it has long been known to many people that Mr. Taft almost resigned as Secretary of War because of it. But he and Mr. Root are now paying dearly for their having compromised with their consciences so often for the sake of "holding Mr. Roosevelt down" during the last two or three years of his Administration, and thereby vouching in their own persons, as it were, for the mythical Roosevelt, who never existed.

All of this in no wise makes better the situation of the negroes in Chicago. Every well-wisher of the race can only hope that four years hence the evils of the Southern Republican misrepresentation will be done away with, and thereby the stream of corruption dammed at its source.

EXPLAINING WISCONSIN.

It is apparently as impossible to write about Wisconsin without indulging in superlatives, as it is, according to the story, to tell the truth about the Colorado climate without lying. The most recent book upon the subject, Frederic C. Howe's "Wisconsin: An Experiment in Democracy," is in this respect like those that have preceded it. "Wisconsin," he declares, "has become the most efficient commonwealth in the Union." "Scientific thoroughness characterizes politics" in Wisconsin "as in no other place in America." "Wisconsin has bred a spirit of service that is unique." In the dairy industry, it is the Denmark of America; in cattle breeding, it is our Island of Guernsey. One qualification Mr. Howe is forced to make: "Wisconsin has carried democracy farther than any State save Oregon." But even this limitation does not deprive that commonwealth of the honor of having been the pioneer in instituting reforms, or of its place now as "an experiment station for America." And yet twenty years ago "Wisconsin was not unlike Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois." That is, it was ruled by bosses. "The biennial session of the Legislature was a carnival of legisla-

tion for the benefit of the few." Politics was "a privileged trade, into which ambitious men entered only when approved by the State machine." The press was muzzled or indifferent. "There was no organized protest."

What has brought about the revolution? Mr. Howe thinks the explanation is simple. Representative government had been made almost impossible by the complications of its machinery, by the division of responsibility. And so Wisconsin, first achieving her freedom by the passage of the direct primary law, has merely substituted democracy for oligarchy. Following the establishment of the primary, there has come a psychological change, not only in Wisconsin, but in the nation as well, that has sadly puzzled the old-time politician and confirmed his downfall. This explanation, however, leaves one wondering rather than satisfied. It is as if you were to ask a man who was no longer in bondage how he became free, and he were to reply: "When I had once thrown off the shackles, the rest was easy." How did Wisconsin get the direct primary? It must have been obtained under those very complications of political machinery and divided responsibility that Mr. Howe charges with corrupting Wisconsin for a quarter of a century preceding its adoption.

The answer may be given in Mr. Howe's own words early in his story: "Robert M. La Follette challenged this system almost immediately after he graduated from the University of Wisconsin." Not a law, then, not even an outraged people, was the primal force behind the blow that freed a State. It was a man. Nowhere is this more conclusively proved than in the pages from which we have been quoting. In 1894, for instance, La Follette "cast about for a candidate for Governor." In this search he sent out fifteen hundred personal letters requesting an expression of opinion on the candidacy of a certain one of his colleagues in Congress. The response was so satisfactory that the Representative consented to be a candidate, although he knew that it probably meant the permanent sacrifice of his seat at Washington. What followed?

For six weeks the lights were rarely permitted to go out in La Follette's office. He slept on the floor with his law books for a pillow, and, with dynamo-like energy, forced the fighting all over the State. Haugen was defeated, but the little band of

delegates nominated every other candidate on the ticket.

Six years later, after a series of defeats, first for both his platform and himself, and then for himself but not for his platform, La Follette was elected Governor by a plurality of 100,000, and the primary law became a reality.

Thus it was not the primary that freed Wisconsin, but a freed Wisconsin that forged the weapon of the primary for more effectively defending its freedom. A similar programme has been carried out in "conservative" New York and New Jersey. In all this Mr. Howe, like many another, stands up stoutly for the people. "The people were honest, but those whom they chose to represent them at the convention betrayed their instructions." "Wisconsin assumed that the trouble with our politics is not with our people, but with the machinery with which the people work." But it was the same people, working with the same machinery, that in Wisconsin elected a Sawyer and a La Follette, in New Jersey a Smith and a Wilson, in New York an Odell and a Hughes. The only difference upon which one can put one's finger is the absence of a leader in the first part of each of these cases, and his presence in the second. As if to complete the demonstration, it is Wisconsin's perfected machinery that sent Stephenson to the Senate. This is no argument against improving the machinery, but it is something like proof that, without leadership, democracy is helpless. No matter what the obstacles, a determined leader at the head of a people he has aroused can surmount them. It is the business of the people to make the work of the leader, when he does appear, as easy as possible. And a tendency to lapse into apathy, and so to impose upon him as his initial task the awakening of the individuals for whom he is struggling, is hardly consistent with extravagant praise of our capacity for self-government.

KEEPING OUR MORAL BEARINGS.

Mr. Roosevelt's coming out for nation-wide woman suffrage has its amusing aspects. This is an issue in which, until very recently, he could take no interest whatever. He said that it left him "lukewarm"—though it seemed impossible that a man always intensely cold or fiercely hot could be that on any

subject. But he showed the zeal of a late convert, and was to include a suffrage plank in the platform to be urged by him at Chicago. Into the motives for his change of front it is not necessary to inquire too closely. That it is an immensely significant change needs no arguing. What immediately interests us is the question which his sudden taking up of the cause raises, in much the same fashion as it was raised by the action of the social reformers in seeking Mr. Roosevelt's aid a week or more ago. That question is how far we are justified in accepting help politically from a man whose methods we abhor and whose character we thoroughly distrust.

The matter of the suffrage for women, now given Mr. Roosevelt's full endorsement, does not present the moral alternatives in their sharpest form. Here is a question of general public policy. Advocates of giving the ballot to women have not declined aid from politicians whom in general they condemned and opposed. They did not draw the line at Senator Sullivan, so why should they at Col. Roosevelt? There is no reason why they should if throughout they make certain moral distinctions. Accepting the vote of a Sullivan did not mean that they were ready to pardon Tammany, or to do anything but go on fighting it; nor did it mean that they cherished anything but indignation at the means by which the Sullivans had built up political power. And in a similar way suffragists may hail Mr. Roosevelt's conversion, provided always that they retain and express their clear moral judgment of the man.

This suggests the weakness of the position of the social reformers, whose flocking to Mr. Roosevelt we have mentioned. They were concerned, not with a party or political question, but with matters which go deep into the life and morals of our whole society. From their lips the words "right" and "justice" are all the while falling. They are bent on remedying great wrongs, and bringing in an era when truth and righteousness shall rule. Yet they were putting themselves in the hands of a man whom many of them in their hearts believe to be without either truth or righteousness. Some of them confess that they cannot escape the conviction that he has been crooked, but the appalling thing is that they say they do not care so long as they can get him to

array himself on the side of what they believe to be social justice. They are willing, too, to conceal their real opinion of him, and to flatter and aid him, if only he can be got to help in the work they feel to be so urgent.

Now, what is this except to import into a movement of the gravest public concern the doctrine that you are bound to win by fair means or foul? Is it not to snuff out those moral judgments which ought to be the light of all our seeing? Consider what it signifies. We are to strive for social justice. If that means anything, it means erecting the spirit of unselfishness into a rule of conduct. But to help set up that rule, we put ourselves under the command of a man whose unscrupulous self-seeking has been life-long! Social justice, if it means anything, means honesty between man and man, fidelity to promises, loyalty to friends. How can it possibly be promoted by a leader who has a long record of trickiness, falsity, and treachery? We have to get down to fundamentals in all these affairs. It is necessary to sit at the feet of the poets and the prophets, the sages and the saints, in order to keep our moral bearings. We cannot look upon evil and say to it, Be thou my good. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

We are well aware that all these questions are complex and full of difficulty. But there are certain things to which we know that we must hold. We must not deify success. It will never do to say that the man who "does things" is the man for us, no matter how he does them, for that would put Theodore Roosevelt into exactly the same category with Richard Croker. We have got to stick to principles even in politics. Property may be surrendered and even life itself given up, but morality must not be called upon to abdicate its throne. It is true that the wrath of man may be overruled to the praise of God, but that is no justification for confusing human wickedness with virtue. A sure word of guidance in all these matters of moral perplexity concerning public men and movements was uttered by the prince of political philosophers when he said: "There is no safety for honest men but by believing all possible evil of evil men, and by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief." He added that in the case of

men whom we know to be wicked, "their fair pretences become new motives for distrust."

THE LOVE OF GOOD WRITING.

The recent birthday of Thomas Hardy—his seventy-second—was signalized by the presentation to him of the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature. By its charter, dating from 1823, that society has among its aims the recognition and encouragement of good literature by public awards, and of these the gold medal is the most distinguished. It has been bestowed only fifteen times in all. Among Mr. Hardy's predecessors in receiving the honor are Walter Scott, Washington Irving, and George Meredith. In accepting it, Mr. Hardy remarked that he was rather an old boy to get a medal, and that, unfortunately, he had no boy of his own to whom to pass it on. He added that the distinction was one which he could not fail to value, but he had been led to wonder "whether prizes of some kind could not be offered to makers of literature earlier in life to urge them to further efforts."

The sort of efforts Mr. Hardy had in mind he proceeded to indicate by dwelling on the need of keeping alive a taste for "real literature." In the very spread of the reading habit, he saw a growing danger that such a taste might be lost. Millions are learning to read, but few are acquiring the power to discriminate in their reading. Mr. Hardy did not refer so much to the substance of books as to their form. He perceives a marked deterioration in style. As he looks over the field of current publishing, he sees "an appalling increase every day in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago." He adduced the familiar causes. There is the vast amount of "hurried" writing in the press. There is, of course, the American literary invasion—especially of American journals, "fearfully and wonderfully made"—lowering the standards of English newspapers. Indifference to literary form is gaining ground on all sides. Hence, concluded Mr. Hardy, "every kind of reward which urges omnivorous readers and incipient writers towards appreciating the splendors of English undefiled, and the desire of producing such for themselves, is of immense value."

By itself, this sounds futile. Prizes

alone have little creative power in literature. In France the "Grand Prix" for a literary work of lofty idealism has not always found a worthy recipient. The similar Nobel prize has a range as wide as the civilized world, and it has been fittingly bestowed, but it remains more a recognition of mature genius than a stimulus to budding talent. Of this Mr. Hardy is naturally aware, and in the short address which he made at the time of his being presented with the gold medal, he did not fail to indicate the need of appealing to the conscience and the artistic honor of the literary craftsman. Deeper than the joy of rapid production and of ephemeral popular appreciation is the satisfaction which springs from good work. The writer must somehow be got to put an ideal before him, and to labor unceasingly for at least some approximation to it. William Morris once spoke of the "grin of delight" which comes to the true artist, whether in language or some other medium, when he perceives that he has come somewhere near attaining the form he was striving for. These inner joys must be put by the literary worker above any species of outward reward if we are really to get the genuine and lasting motive for the production of good writing.

One counsel which Mr. Hardy gave will strike some ears oddly. He said that the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse. What he meant was that the best poets seek not only beauty of phrase but precision and delicate accuracy in the use of words. The test would be to take any fine line of poetry, strike off the fetters of rhyme or melody which seem to bind the poet, and then see if you can express his thought more freely or exactly in other language. It will usually be found that the words selected are the only ones in which the idea intended can be best conveyed. Poetry is dead, we are often told. In the suit which Winston Churchill recently brought in London against a publisher for having printed a poetical libel on him, the defence—or apology, for the libel was admitted—was that the editor had not read the verses before printing them, carefully enough to detect the offensive lines. Thereupon, the presiding Judge, the well-known wit of the bench, Justice Darling, remarked that he had often heard that nobody read poetry nowadays, but that he did

not know that things had got so bad that even editors did not read the verse they printed. Poetry will undoubtedly take care of itself, in the long run. Paradoxically, the world never thirsted more for a great poet than at the very time when it seems to have none. But Mr. Hardy's suggestion—for which, of course, he did not claim originality—of the use of the finest poetry as a medium for training in the best prose, may serve as one argument more for clinging to the reading of the great poets. The chief hope that love for good writing may be preserved lies in the conviction that, in the end, the best literature will vindicate itself, that low and crude taste will be converted into a longing for something better than the husks upon which the swine do feed. In a word, the basis of confidence in the future of pure literature is that, in the circulation of books, contrary to the law which governs the circulation of different kinds of currency, the bad does not drive out the good, but the reverse.

THE JEWISH RACE.

The interest in race distinctions is as old as humanity, but not until the middle of the nineteenth century was a systematic effort made to place these distinctions on a scientific basis. Gobineau's "Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines" was the first attempt to study the subject historically. Starting with the assumption of the inequality of races, he adopted a division into strong and feeble races and endeavored to prove that all the great achievements of mankind were traceable to the one supreme race, the white. This may be said to have been the origin of the political race theory. Since then the natural sciences have been enlisted, largely in the interest of factional and mischievous theories, to point the contrast between the predominant white race—variously called the Aryan, or Indo-European, Indo-Germanic, Indo-Celtic—and the inferior Semitic race. Anthropology was supposed to have demonstrated not only the diversity of cardinal racial types, but their fixity from the dawn of history. Gradually, disinterested scholars began to express doubts as to the infallibility of such conclusions, foremost among them Professor von Luschütz, director of the Berlin Anthropological Museum. But in dealing with those who for purposes of their own turn superficial race differences into conclusive arguments in favor of race prejudice, the scientist is at a disadvantage. The lessons of anthropology avail little in the face of antagonisms which would array not only Aryan against Semite,

but white against black and yellow, Germans against Latins and Slavs, Briton against Teuton, etc. To grapple, therefore, with race problems requires an investigator of unusual equipment, of varied knowledge in many fields, of sound judgment, and conspicuous fairness in argument. These qualities are found united in the author of a recent German work on "The Race Problem."^{*}

I.

Dr. Ignaz Zoltschan has furnished in his treatise a model of dispassionate discussion of a most complicated question. A man of vast learning, who has seen many lands and studied many peoples, he approaches his subject well armed as an anthropologist, historian, philosopher, and sociologist. Let us see, he says, what basis there is for the belief in the existence of an Aryan race, for the assumption that other nations are inferior to the Germanic stock, what justification for race prejudice in general and anti-Semitic prejudice in particular. Having summed up the arguments of the most prominent spokesmen of race superiority and race prejudice, he answers them quietly, with an array of incontrovertible facts and with irresistible logic. The salient points of his thesis may be summed up as follows.

When Friedrich Schlegel, in 1808, first discovered certain resemblances between the languages spoken in India and those of the Germanic countries, he proposed for this group the name of Indo-Germanic languages. In the enthusiasm engendered by this discovery, it was at once assumed that a new light had been shed on racial relationship and the origin of modern civilization. Science, not least of all philology, soon made short work of this assumption. Max Müller, originally an ardent supporter of the Aryan race theory, later on held an ethnologist who spoke of an Aryan race, of Aryan blood, etc., to be as great a sinner as a philologist who spoke of a dolichocephalic dictionary or a brachycephalic grammar. Similarly, Robert Hartmann and other eminent anthropologists of a later day looked upon the doctrine of an Aryan race as a mere figment of the imagination. With the appearance, in 1884, of Otto Schrader's "Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte" and Penka's "Origines Ariacæ," the Aryan question entered upon a new phase. Scholars turned their inquiries to the probable birthplace of the Aryans and their physical prototype. The discovery was made that their aboriginal home was identical with the land whence sprang the Germanic peoples, and hence it was argued that the Aryans were in their origin a

blond Northern type, from which flowed the Aryan languages and Aryan civilization. This type, it was conjectured, left its mark, through migration and intermarriage, upon other races, erroneously called Aryan, though with little of the blood of the blond race in their veins. With such reasoning the theory of the superiority of the Germanic race was established. Woltmann, starting from this basis, maintained that, since the Renaissance, all the important scholars and artists in the Romanic countries had been of Germanic descent, and Chamberlain, applying the theory to the Jews, argued that all their great achievements emanated from the fair-haired original components of their race, that is to say, from the "Indo-Germanic" Amorites.

The German type, however, as Hertz says, in his book on "Moderne Rassentheorien," has maintained itself in its greatest purity among the Scandinavians, who by no means represent the highest development of Germanic culture. The aristocracy of Germany preserves the racial type more clearly than the rest of the population. Yet German genius is recruited almost exclusively from the lower classes, whose supposed race characteristics are far less marked. The centre of Germanic culture is not in fair-haired dolichocephalic Pomerania, but in darker-haired, brachycephalic Swabia and Franconia. These facts have their bearing on the problem of the Jewish race. There has been for two thousand years no Jewish nation. Leading ethnologists are agreed that the Jews of Western Europe are merely Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Portuguese of the Mosaic faith. Anthropologists, again, foremost among them authorities like Luschütz, distinguish among the Jews three different types, the unmistakably Semitic, the possibly Aryan Amorite, and the Hittite type. To these elements must be added the admixtures resulting from a diaspora of several thousand years. The Dührings and Chamberlains, however, conveniently recognize only the higher, Sephardic (Spanish), and the lower, Ashkenazic (German-Polish) types, which serve all their purposes in characterizing Jewish traits. That the Jews of the present day exhibit, in overwhelming numbers, as regards the shape of the head, characteristics opposite to those of the Semitic type; in other words, that they are brachycephalic and not dolichocephalic, is an anthropological fact of which Chamberlain takes account only in order to find support for his craniological vagaries. A long head is to him and his school the *conditio sine qua non* of all manner of genius. Given that, and Rameses becomes a Germanic progenitor of the purest type.

Every dogmatic inference from prevailing race theories leads, in its application, to inevitable fallacies, for there

^{*}Das Rassenproblem. Unter besonderer Berücksichtigung der theoretischen Grundlagen der jüdischen Rassenfrage. Von Dr. Ignaz Zoltschan. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.

is no agreement among scholars as to what constitutes a race. Cuvier recognized only three races, Linnaeus four, Blumenbach five, Kollmann speaks of eighteen, Haeckel of thirty-four, etc. All rules of race classification, based on skull measurements, on deductions from the color of the hair and eyes, from pigment and tissues, etc., must take account of the frequent exceptions presented by every race. Racial interrelations are as numerous as racial differences. As between white and dark types, the lines of anthropological and genealogical demarcation are often blurred. On the other hand, as Huxley has shown, isolation and one-sided development along uninterrupted lines, may lead in the case of the black Bantus of Africa to an extreme prevalence of pigment, and in the case of the fair-skinned peoples of Northern Europe to extreme lack of it. In the face of such perplexities it becomes hazardous to speak of a characteristically Jewish type. As to the prevalence, however, of certain emotional traits, observed by Zollschan among the Jews of four continents, he is in agreement with other investigators, though explanations of the fact vary. According to Ripley, the general Jewish type of to-day presents almost everywhere direct evidence of intermingling with surrounding races, and he, like Zollschan, regards sexual selection as potent among the influences that have left their imprint upon the Jewish physiognomy.

II.

The Aryan theory, like other race theories, started with the assumption of the existence of superior and inferior races. It involved a juxtaposition of Eastern and Western, ancient and modern civilizations. The German propounders of the theory were at first willing to share in the triumphs of England, in the material successes of the United States, but from the superiority of the Germanic races there was but one step to the gospel of the superiority of Germany. German love of freedom, and German loyalty are, according to Chamberlain, at the foundation of the Germanic character. But we need only open the pages of so stanch a Teuton as Felix Dahn, to learn that these qualities were not always a German characteristic. Arminius himself was guilty of one of the most flagrant violations of faith in all history. The Franks, according to early chroniclers, were emphatically a "slippery and false" people (*lubrica fallaxque*). The history of the Longobards, Burgundians, and Thuringians reeks, as Dahn, says, with murder, regicide, and the grossest immorality. Nor were the early days of other Germanic tribes much better. According to Green, Northumbria presented a terrible picture of lawlessness and bloodshed. If, in accounting for the modifications which racial character under-

goes in the course of time, we are thrown back on Buckle's theory of the influences of natural surroundings, it is clear that the jaunty assumption of Semitic immutability must fall to the ground. Even admitting the existence of psychological idiosyncrasies as inherent in every race, it is absurd to conclude that any one must retain its peculiar stamp unchanged for all time. Nothing is more evident than that the modern Jew of Germany, France, England, and the United States, is, like his Christian neighbor, the product of his age and environment.

Renan's fanciful "race instinct" is in great measure responsible for the spread of anti-Semitism. Nothing was further from his mind than the brutal manifestations of the prejudice with which we are familiar; but it was a fatal lack of imagination on his part not to foresee the consequences of a philosophy of history which denied to the Semite every political, military, and administrative instinct, the epic and dramatic instinct, and even the instinct for commercialism on a large scale.

Not often has the vagary of a fine mind become so fierce a weapon in the hands of the unthinking. Linnaeus's division of the world into the four "temperamental" races—the choleric American, the sanguine European, the melancholy Asiatic, and the phlegmatic African—was, in its consequences, a harmless bauble compared with the imaginings of the French scholar.

Every nation has at various times in its history exhibited characteristics which in their day were regarded as typical. Where is the lust for conquest and wealth that animated mediæval Spain, where the preëminence of Holland in science and letters? The maritime greatness of modern England, supposed to be of the very essence of the Anglo-Saxon character, was unknown before Elizabeth and Cromwell. Germany, in the period of her political impotence, produced her greatest poets. Is the idealism of the Schillers and Goethes, is Bismarck's policy of blood and iron, or is the striving for industrial supremacy typical of the Germanic race? What were the dominant racial characteristics of Germany two hundred years ago, what will they be two hundred years hence?

We look in vain for an answer to such questions. Biology has been called upon to explain supposed psychical differences of race. Were the doctrine of the continuity of the germ-plasm, which Weismann has done so much to spread, a generally accepted scientific principle, the factor of heredity in the race problem would be decisive. But as Zollschan says, not all the great men of Greece were philosophers and artists, not all great Romans generals and lawgivers; nor are all the important Frenchmen distinguished for *esprit*, all the eminent

Germans, poets and thinkers. The statesmen of the East are not always Asiatic despots, the Mongolian races not invariably passive. That races who have preserved their purity, transmit their virtues and talents more readily than those of mixed blood may be theoretically true, but it would be difficult to determine the degree to which, in mixed races, the foreign element has been potent for good or evil.

III.

In the Jews we have a race whose substantial purity for two thousand years is a generally accepted fact, and whose adaptability to climatic and other environment has given them their cosmopolitan character. They are everywhere long-lived, able and energetic. In popular estimation they are the Semitic race *par excellence*. Anthropology and Assyriology agree that the Semitic and Hittite ancestors of the Jews were a race of most extraordinary vigor and intellectual ability. The Hittites were the founders of that Mesopotamian civilization which is the cradle of all modern culture. In architecture and sculpture they were the teachers of both Assyrians and Greeks. The Semites, as Professor von Luschan says, had their epic poets long before Homer and dwelt in palaces at a time when Germans lived in caves. A thousand years later all Europe thronged the Arabic seats of learning in Spain, in order to study, at their sources, mathematics and astronomy, medicine, philosophy, and history. Assyrian kings founded the first great empire the world had seen. Rome trembled before Carthage. Civilization owes to the inferior Semitic race not only many sciences, but the arts of building cities, regulating rivers, and founding libraries. Yet, Renan asserts, and Chamberlain repeats, that the Semites have created nothing positive, and that the Arabs were merely interpreters of the genius of the Greeks.

It has become the fashion to speak of the Jews as primarily a trading people. But they tilled the soil in Palestine and were artisans in the cities during the Greek diaspora. In the East and on the shores of the Mediterranean they pursued for centuries their various vocations, and only in the empire of Charlemagne, in times of primitive social conditions, did they begin to fill a vacant place in the state and turn to trade. To this day, in the Slavic countries of Eastern Europe, artisans and factory hands are recruited from the ranks of the Jews. The textile laborers of Lodz, the Manchester of Russian Poland, as well as the miners of Boryslaw, in Galicia, are almost exclusively Jews. When, a few years ago, the Jews began to emigrate from Rumania, the building industries of Bucharest and Jassy came to a standstill, because it was almost impossible to find Christian masons and

roofers. In Odessa Jews are porters, in Salonichi dock laborers and boatmen, in Arabic countries they are armorers. During the later period of the Roman Empire the Jews became great international merchants, and they continued so in the new Germanic kingdoms. In Marseilles, Arles, Genoa, Palermo, Naples, commerce on the largest scale was in their hands, and their ships traversed the seas as far East as China. A papal bull of the year 1213 speaks of the great Jewish commerce of Cologne. Wherever German cities arose, Jewish co-operation was welcomed. Bishop Rüdiger of Speyer wrote, in 1084: "Since I wished to make a city out of the village of Speyer, I asked the Jews to come, thinking to increase the honor of our place a thousandfold by congregating Jews within its walls" (*Putavi milies amplificare honorem loci nostri, eti Judas colligerem*). The Archbishop of Cologne, in 1252, says that "it would conduce not a little to the prosperity and honor of our see" if the Jews were to submit to his rule. Imperial decrees acknowledged that the social position of the Jews corresponded to their commercial importance. They were singled out, as a superior class, in an edict of Charles the Bald; Charlemagne sent a Jewish ambassador to the Caliph; in an Imperial decree of 1074 (*Judais et ceteris Vormatiensis*) the Jews of Worms were praised as models of all virtues. It was largely commercial rivalry and envy that later on led to a revulsion of feeling towards them, though religious hatred quickly intensified the prejudice. The Jewish persecutions of the Middle Ages characteristically started in the large cities which Jewish enterprise had so largely helped to develop.

IV.

In estimating the ethical and intellectual significance of Judaism, Dr. Zollschan ranges himself on the side of those who, while seeing the good in every race, do not concede superiority to any one. None, in their opinion, may lay claim to the principal share in the sum total of human achievement. Temperate, throughout his argument, in the defence of the Jewish race against anti-Semitic prejudice, Zollschan concludes with a plea for the preservation of the cultural potency of the Jews. Race purity he considers the essential factor in race efficiency. While specific racial gifts are not necessarily inherited by the individual, the general racial quota of endowment is, in his opinion, fixed, and ought not to be endangered by race intermixture.

It must be admitted that, in thus finally insisting upon race purity, Dr. Zollschan departs somewhat from his main argument. Nor is his plea in full accord with the views of scientists, who, like Humboldt, have expressed a belief

in the variability of racial traits, particularly of mental and moral endowments, aside from the question of race purity. Friedrich Ratzel is similarly skeptical with regard to the possibility of drawing hard and fast racial lines. Race purity, according to such thinkers, does not necessarily involve the unimpaired maintenance of those physical and mental characteristics which we have become accustomed to consider typical. Prof. Franz Boas, among others, has said that anthropology does not sustain the pride of European nations who like to boast of their race purity.

Considerations of space prevent us from entering into a discussion of the means by which Dr. Zollschan would wish to perpetuate the purity of the Jewish race. Evidently he sees in Zionism an ideal which tends towards this aim, but he is too cautious a reasoner to commit himself to definite methods of rebuilding the Jewish state. His prognostications as to the future of the Jewish race are, however, exceedingly sombre. He regards the increasing frequency in all civilized countries—including the United States—of intermarriages between Jews and Gentiles as an ominous sign of the inevitable submergence of the race. In the words of an eminent scientist, Prof. Edward Suess of Vienna, who is in full sympathy with the author's main thesis, Dr. Zollschan shows

how in the East of Europe a portion of the Jewish race, hemmed in by persecution and unjust laws, wastes away in hopeless misery, while in the West, free from fetters, it surrenders, step by step, with the last vestige of its language, all its historic characteristics until its individual remnants shall disappear in the world's currents.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Horace advised that poems should be restrained from publication by their authors for a period of nine years, but he would probably not have offered such a counsel of abstinence to the preachers of funeral sermons if he had been acquainted with that melancholy section of literature. Yet one instance there is where a sermon preached in 1608 was not printed until eight years later. There is a certain picturesque and pathetic interest attaching to this *In Memoriam* oration. Although there are two copies in the British Museum, the tract is now a rare one, and deserves a fuller notice than the meagre entry in the catalogue of a national Library of England. The mere title page is noteworthy:

A
S E R M O N
P R E A C H E D A T
C O N S T A N T I N O P L E, in the
Vines of PERAH, at the Fune-
rall of the vertuous and admired
LADY ANNE GLOVER, sometime Wife to
the Honourable Knight Sir Tho-
mas Glover, and then Am-
bassador ordinary for his Majesty

of Great Britalne, in the
Port of the Great Turke.

By WILLIAM FORDE *Bachelour in Di-
unitie, and lately Preacher to the Right
Honourable Ambassador, and the
rest of the English Nation
resident there.*

Or { Death. } Of { Pilgrimage.
Teares. } The Graue. }

London.

Printed by EDWARD GRIFFIN for Francis Con-
stable, and are to be sold at his shop at the
white Lyon, near against the great North doore of
Saint Pauls. Anno. Dom. 1616. Sm. 4to pp.
[8.] 82.

George Sandys in the "Travels" that began in 1610, speaks very handsomely of Sir Thomas Glover: "For this place none can be more sufficient: expert in their language, and by a long experience in their nature and practices; being moreover of such a spirit as not to be daunted. And surely his chiefeft fault hath been his misfortune; in the two violent, chargeable and successless soliciting of the restitution of the Prince of Moldavia (whom ad-
versity hath rather made crafty than honest); whose house doth harbour both him and his dependents; being open to all of our nation: a sanctuary for poor Christian slaves that secretly fly hither, whom he causeth to be conveyed into other countries, and redeemet not a few with his own money." Sandys was the guest of Sir Thomas for nearly four months in his house at the Vines of Pera.*

The reference to Glover's patronage of a Prince of Moldavia is perhaps explained by another passage in Nabbes's "Continuation" (p. 1385), where he details the career of Gasparo Gratsiani, a native of Gratz. At Constantinople he entered the service of Glover, with whom he came to England and then was employed in arranging the ransom of Sir Thomas Sherley. When at Venice with that notable person he heard that Glover was appointed Ambassador; he returned to Constantinople and was employed in the exchange of captives. He attracted the notice of the Sultan, who made him Vayvod of Moldavia; later falling into disgrace, he was ordered to be strangled, but the force sent to execute him was cut to pieces by the men of Gasparo, who kept up a guerrilla warfare against the Turk.

Before Glover was appointed Ambassador, he was secretary to the Embassy, and in 1596 wrote an account of the journey of Sir Edward Barton, the then ambassador, who accompanied the Sultan in his expedition against Agric in Hungary. This is printed by Purchas, who observes:

If any think it ill that a Christian Ambassador should accompany the Turk in this war against Christendom, they may please to understand that his intents were to do service to the Christians, if occasion were offered for peace; as also he did in delivery of the Emperor's servants.

Glover was knighted at Hampton Court

*See the new edition of "Purchas his Pilgrimes," Vol. VIII, p. 110, 259, 304. For an anecdote of a rascally friar to whom Sir Thomas Glover had been a benefactor and who tried to repay good with evil Sandys's "Travels" (1658), p. 67, may be consulted. Another anecdote in which Glover's name is mentioned is one in which an English merchant seeking redress for the rifling of his ship is met by a denial of the fact, and establishes his case by bribing a Moslem to perjury. This in the eyes of Nabbes shows the corruption of the Turks in taking false oaths for money. But he is silent as to the Christian subornery. (See continuation of Knolles, anno 1610.)

in 1606. There were two Thomas Grovers knighted by James I. The future ambassador appears to have been the grandson of John Glover of Mancetter, who was the brother of Robert Glover, the Protestant martyr burned to death at Coventry (Notes and Queries, 3d S. I., p. 192). Nabbes, in his continuation of Knolles's "General Historie of the Turkes" (1638, p. 1313) records the funeral of Lady Glover, but dates it as occurring April 14, 1612. She was buried, he says,

with very great solemnity, the like had not bin seen in that country since the Turks conquered Constantinople.

The sermon was preached in a large garden under a Cypress tree. . . . The sermon being ended, the body was carried from Pera unto the English graves, which were almost a mile from the place; it was closed in lead, and laid in a caroch covered over with black velvet, and the horses with black cloth. The Dutch Ambassador, the Hungarian Agent, the French Colonel, with a great number of all nations, both men and women, followed her to her grave. The tomb was of fair marble, built four square, almost the height of a man, having an epitaph engraven thereon.

Forde declares that among his hearers there were "English, French, Dutch, German, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Transylvanian, Molla, Wallachian, Russes, Greeks, Armenians, Bedowines, Turkes, Jewes, &c."⁶

The sermon is learned—and long-winded, extending to nearly seven thousand words. This must have been somewhat of a trial to the cosmopolitan hordes who listened to this discourse in a tongue to most of them unknown. From the sermon, which has something of the flavor of Elizabethan English, we learn that Anne Lamb was born at Padley, in Suffolk, of lineage "ancient and worshipful," and had part of her training under Lady Croft and her daughter, Lady Wentworth. Lady Glover died November 2, 1608, after a married life of "full five years and somewhat more." Her affectionate relations with her husband and the faithful resignation with which she met her death are told with unaffected pathos. Sir Thomas died suddenly at London in May, 1625.

The sermon ends with these words:

And thus dyed Anna, as dyed Sarah; Sarah in her old age, and yet so beautifull at a hundred yeres old, as shee was at twentie, so say the Jewish Rabbins, and Anna in her young age; and yet so wise and vertuous at twentie yeres, as if she had liued an hundred. Sarah dyed in a strange countrey, farre from her kindred and parents. So did Anna from hers. . . . What remayneth now: but as Sarah was honourably buried, so Anna should be buried too. Up let us bee going.

Though Forde makes no allusion to it, the young wife may have been familiar with one tragic incident at the British Embassy. A party of Sir Thomas Glover's servants "being abroad recreating themselves" got into a squabble with some Turks, and the quarrel passed from words to deeds. A stone thrown by one of the Englishmen struck a Moslem behind the ear and killed him. The Turks threatened to pull down the Ambassador's house unless the man who threw the stone was delivered up to them. This he agreed to do, and the servants were paraded for identification. The Turks unhesitatingly

pointed to a man as to whom there was ample evidence that he had not left the house on the day of the encounter, but they would listen to no proof, and in the end the man was delivered up to them and hanged at the Ambassador's gate. But the most curious part of the story is that the victim confessed to the Ambassador's chaplain that when in England he had committed a malicious murder, and regarded his sentence as a punishment for this long-past crime. Such is the story told in Dr. Thomas Taylor's additions to Dr. Thomas Beard's once famous book of "The Theatre of God's Judgments" (p. 46).

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the memoranda and notes of the proceedings of the Federal Convention of 1787 preserved by James Madison were a few which were retained by Mrs. Madison, and which have occasionally found their way from her descendants to the auction mart, whence the most important items have, happily, been acquired by the Government and added to the great collection of Madison MSS. In the *Nation* of August 24, 1911, I communicated certain notes of George Mason and James McHenry which had been thus acquired. At a recent sale in Philadelphia another memorandum was sold. It pertains to the subject of the treaty-making power, and shows that Madison, in common with several other members of the Convention, thought that the House of Representatives, as the direct medium for expressing the popular will, should have a voice in treaty-making, Madison's idea being that at any rate there should be such participation when the question affected national rights and boundaries.

On September 7, when the clause providing that the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, should have power to make treaties, was under consideration, James Wilson moved to add after the word "Senate" the words "and House of Representatives." As treaties, he said, are to have the operation of laws, they ought to have the same sanction which laws have. Thomas Fitzsimmons, also of Pennsylvania, seconded the motion, but on the vote it was lost, only Pennsylvania and Virginia being recorded for it. Probably this evidence of the sense of the Convention prevented Madison from moving the following amendment, which he had prepared:

By J. M.

But no Treaty shall be made without the concurrence of the House of Representatives, by which the territorial boundaries of the U. S. may be contracted, or by which the common rights of navigation or *fishery* recognized to the U. States by the late treaty of peace, or accruing to them by virtue of the laws of nations may be abridged.

7 September 1787

The subject was then debated, but the motion does not appear to have been made.

The motion was written when the Convention was sitting, but the date and final sentence were added many years later at Madison's dictation by his brother-in-law,

John C. Payne, who was his amanuensis when he prepared his journal of the debates for posthumous publication.

GAILLARD HUNT.

Washington, June 8.

THE SECRET OF ROOSEVELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A lively historian of ancient Rome has recently reassured a troubled world that Mr. Roosevelt has no intention of imitating Julius Caesar, and that the American republic is in no danger of having to beware lest it suffer harm. Foreign eyes and opinions are always more discerning than those of our own domestic Sullas, who see too many Mariuses in a budding Caesar. Surely since the first disappointment of Roosevelt in Taft we can see timidly shaping itself from a listening hope to a vociferous ambition the third-term candidacy. The highly respectable body of citizens who have venerated the pronouncement of Washington at first scoffed at the idea of any sane man defying a well-established precedent and inviting innovation and revolution. Roosevelt has successfully dared. The third-term bogey has scared only tremulous politicians and long-faced professors of history. A candidacy which a few months ago was a preposterous joke has taken a grim turn for any wiseacre in matters political.

This is a very natural result, however, for the most adroit politician of our time has met and beaten into insensibility the others. He has known when and how to make the issue one of flesh and blood, not of abstract principles. Notwithstanding the fact that nobody can tell you what he definitely expects of Roosevelt's return to power, the singular truth is that few care or think about it. Like the modern reader of novels, we demand action in our heroes. The action may be sensational and immoral; it must be picturesque and continuous. Native endowments of temperament and mind have created Roosevelt such a hero. Mankind will credit much more in flesh than in programme, no matter how alluring the latter may be. So the masses believe in Roosevelt. Fidelity to one's word, courtesy to former friends, have become the silly graces of mollycoddles. To dare to be inconsistent and yet mock greatness has so marked the present feud that Emerson ought to tear his perfect shroud. Does anybody doubt what the next cry will be if the Republicans decline to nominate Roosevelt? Will not the people have been cheated of their choice if another is finally preferred to Roosevelt? Is not Roosevelt astute enough to see that the present discontents favor his candidacy on a third ticket without letting his ambition wait a moment?

How, therefore, is it possible for thinking men of mature years to find in the situation anything but the ceaseless goading of ambition, propped on the one side by the superlative egotism of the man and on the other by the kindling adulation of the mob? One needs no Roman echoes to trace the cause of our discord and impending disaster. The personality of Roosevelt, the pitiable plight of Taft, the wretched manners, the threatening of the Constitution, ugly though they appear, account in no way for the situation. The cause is far deeper. America is feeling but a part of

⁶We get a glimpse of the preacher in Coryat. They were both present at the circumcision of a child of Amis, a Jew resident at Constantinople, in 1612, but born in Crutched Friars, London.

the huge wave of mass distrust and hatred which is gathering force the world over. Socialism in Germany, syndicalism in France, riots in Belgium, commotions in England are merely symptomatic of the unbroken storm. No previous time in history matches for a moment the possibilities of this universal disturbance. The mighty duel of mass and class is before us, and the former has been singularly foiled in leaders. For a man of splendid powers and sympathy and courage what more marvellous opportunity than that of leading the downtrodden of immemorial ages into the Promised Land? And when the potentates of empires, states, and jungles have willingly sat at one's feet to learn wisdom, ought anybody to doubt that such a one is the destined leader?

That is the question. To localize the problem is to lose the inner significance. Roosevelt has scented the battle from afar, and has volunteered in the roughest riding that we are likely to behold. He has been lavish of his service hitherto, and he fronts unabashed the gravest modern war. He honestly believes that he alone can save the nations. To those who believe in the supremacy of moral law and its ability to correct industrial evils, Roosevelt is not the steadfast leader the people need. He has wrested and voiced the brute hatred of the masses. Therein lies the secret of his influence over credulous citizens. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon could not have coped with this stupendous task. Can a self-appointed dictator prove anything but a fatuous failure?

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

North Evans, N. Y., June 15.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Appropriately associated with Dr. William C. Collar's quotation from Grover Cleveland, on "the supremacy of the law" (*Nation*, May 23), are two others which have been taken from his first "Letter of Acceptance of the Nomination for President." The first is:

We proudly call ours a government by the people. It is not such when a class is tolerated which arrogates to itself the management of public affairs, seeking to control people instead of representing them.

And the second is even more pertinent to existing conditions:

When an election to office shall be the selection by the voters of one of their number to assume for a time a public trust instead of his dedication to the profession of politics; when the holders of the ballot, quickened by a sense of duty, shall avenge truth betrayed and pledges broken, and when the suffrage shall be altogether free and uncorrupted, the full realization of a government by the people will be at hand. And of the means to this end not one would, in my judgment, be more effective than an amendment to the Constitution disqualifying the President from reëlection. . . . We recognize in the eligibility of the President for reëlection a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate, and intelligent political action which must characterize a government by the people.

It seems to me that none of us can ponder these words too attentively or too long.

SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y., June 10.

A PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading Mr. Roosevelt's life of Gouverneur Morris, in the American Statesmen series, several passages have attracted my attention as having particular interest at the present moment. One of them seems worthy of mention, because it shows that its author has not always held and expressed his present extreme democratic views.

On page 299 of the work referred to Mr. Roosevelt gives emphatic approval to the views held by Morris as to the practical operation of our republican system. He says:

[Morris] denounced, with a fierce scorn that they richly merit, the despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed, and that public men have only to carry out its will, and thus "acknowledge themselves the willing instruments of folly and vice. They declare that, in order to please the people, they will, regardless alike of what conscience may dictate or reason approve, make the profligate sacrifice of public right on the altar of private interest. What more can be asked by the sternest tyrant of the most despicable slave? Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism." Sounder and truer maxims never were uttered.

As surely as Mr. Roosevelt was right when he penned those words, so surely is he wrong now. For all this nonsense about the recall of judicial decisions, the government of the people by themselves, and so on, is simply a declaration "that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed." How does he absolve himself now from that same "fierce scorn" with which he denounced other men? "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you."

ROBERT CARTER RANKIN.

Valley City, O., June 10.

MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the death of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, Spain has lost her greatest scholar and critic. It may be doubted whether, for extensive and profound knowledge of European literature, ancient and modern, he has ever had a peer. Born in 1856 at Santander, Menéndez at a very early age attracted attention by his phenomenal memory and bibliographical knowledge. His native city and the state provided him with funds to pursue his studies in Spain and abroad. At twenty-one he succeeded Amador de los Ríos as professor of Spanish literature at the University of Madrid. A grateful nation lavished honors upon him, and finally appointed him director of the National Library. In 1890 native and foreign scholars paid homage to his erudition by publishing two volumes of valuable studies in his honor. A list of his works, compiled by one of his pupils, Bonilla, fills thirty-three quarto pages, and not one study enumerated there can be neglected by students of Spanish and comparative literature. His most important works are, perhaps, a "History of Heterodoxy in Spain" (1876-1881, 3 vols.), "A History of Aesthetics in Spain" (1883-1891, 14 vols.), "Horace in Spain" (1877), an Anthology of lyric poets (1890-1908, 13

vols.)—which is in fact a history of Spanish literature down to the middle of the sixteenth century—"Origins of the Novel" (1905-1910, 3 vols.) and an edition of Lope de Vega's novels (1890-1902, 13 vols.), the introductions to which are doubtless his greatest work. Material for several additional volumes was prepared, but not published. A collected edition of Menéndez y Pelayo's writings was begun some years ago by Suárez. Thus far two volumes have appeared. The first provides an altogether new introduction to his work on heterodoxy, and deals with rites in prehistoric Spain and the religious cult in Roman times. It is interesting to note that the demand for his books was unusually great. Several editions appeared of most of his works. No less than 4,000 copies of the "History of Heterodoxy" were sold in a few years. Although official duties often took him to Madrid, he was happiest in his private library at Santander. There he had gathered together a valuable collection of 40,000 volumes, bequeathed on his death to his native city. The secret of his success lay in his extensive knowledge of world literature, his keen aesthetic sense, and a charming literary style. His erudition was vast and accurate, but his almost naive interest in literature never became disillusioned, and he wrote of books with an enthusiasm that communicated itself to the reader.

MILTON A. BUCHANAN.

University of Toronto, June 16.

SPELLING IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are always interested in things that concern the welfare of colleges. In this week's issue you have an interesting editorial headed, "Let the Pupil Rule." I should like very much to see discussed in your columns the questions which are here subjoined:

(1.) Should an applicant for admission to college, when his preparation is satisfactory in other respects, be refused admission on account of serious deficiency in spelling?

(2.) If such an applicant is admitted, conditionally or otherwise, and fails to remove the deficiency, should the college refuse to grant him a diploma at the end of his course?

J. I. MCCAIN.

Due West, S. C., June 14.

Literature

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF TOLSTOY.

Hadji Murad. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20 net. *Father Sergius and Other Stories.* The same. \$1.25 net.

The Forged Coupon and Other Stories. The same. \$1.25 net.

The Man Who Was Dead; The Cause of It All. Dramas. The same. \$1.20 net.

The Light That Shines in Darkness: A Drama. The same. \$1.20 net.

At the present time the unseemly quarrel between the widow and the

daughter of Tolstoy makes it impossible to publish more than a small portion of his very extensive literary remains. His huge "Diary," the earlier portions of which, up to the year 1900, are now in the care of the Countess Tolstoy, will probably not see the light for many years. The "artistic productions" written since 1881, of which Tolstoy had sent copies to Mr. Chertkov, but the printing of which he wished deferred until after his death, have now been published in Berlin (3 vols., *Ladyschnikow Verlag*), and, with important excisions caused by fear of the censorship, in Moscow (3 vols., *Sytin*). The volumes contain only two tales of an earlier date, "An Idyl" and "Tikhon and Malanya," which were written before 1862, in the first period of Tolstoy's literary activity.

Of these works edited by Chertkov, the greater number have appeared at the same time in English translations. For the omissions in the English version it is not easy to account. Two stories, "The Devil," which in its drastic handling of a sexual theme suggests the "Krentzer Sonata," and "An Idyll," which treats of a rather unelevating episode of village life in a detached, impersonal fashion hard to parallel in Tolstoy's other works, may have been set aside out of regard for Puritan readers. Why other tales and fragments, quite equal in interest to some of those translated, have been omitted, it is impossible even to guess.

Of the pieces now presented to the English public, the most important are three long stories, "Hadji Murad," "Father Sergius," and "The Forged Coupon," and a drama, "The Man Who Was Dead," which are complete in plot, though not revised with the attention that Tolstoy would have liked to give them, and a drama, "The Light that Shines in Darkness," unfinished, but clear in its general action. All these works, as might be expected, are penetrated with their author's religious and social views; they are of the same type as "The Death of Ivan Ilyich" and "The Power of Darkness." Yet in several ways they enlarge our knowledge of Tolstoy's genius; they show his varied powers and the breadth of his sympathies.

In "Hadji Murad," which he wrote mainly in 1902, when recovering from a serious illness, Tolstoy tells the story of a Caucasian warrior, who deserted his leader Shamill owing to a personal grievance, and later attempted to rejoin his countrymen in their struggle for liberty. In this tale there breathes again the passion for the open air, for free movement and action, that is so important an element of Tolstoy's earlier work. The story opens with a poetic a passage as can be found in his writings. Returning home through the fragrant fields with a nosegay of

blossoms, the old man attempts to pluck a crimson thistle that has been crushed by a cart wheel. The flower eludes his grasp, and, once gathered, has lost its charm. The energy and tenacity of the thistle stir Tolstoy's imagination: "And I remembered a Caucasian episode of years ago, which I had partly seen myself, partly heard of from eye-witnesses, and in part imagined." In this fierce story the moralist shows himself only in the picture of the corrupt, vain, frivolous Russian officers, and of the cruel, licentious, stupid Emperor Nicholas I.

"Father Sergius" is impressive in a different fashion. A young officer, finding that the girl whom he loves has been the mistress of the Emperor Nicholas I, becomes a monk. Humble and gentle, he refuses to seek a high station as an ecclesiastic; in his hermitage he triumphs over a temptation like that of St. Anthony. His holiness wins him fame as a healer of the sick; he begins to glory in his own powers, and succumbs to the same sin that he had before resisted. He wanders away, is "numbered among the tramps, and sent to Siberia." "There he settled down on the estate of a rich peasant, where he still lives. He works in the vegetable garden, teaches the children to read and write, and nurses the sick." By his vividness of presentation, Tolstoy has made this treatise of humility a work of art.

The same vividness raises "The Forged Coupon" to the rank of something more than a Sunday-school tract. A boy forges a coupon; the small sin brings in its train a series of robberies and murders. One of the men whose lives have been ruined by the boy's act repents, and his change of nature brings bliss to those about him. The artificial framework is filled with a series of scenes described with Tolstoy's usual naked simplicity of utterance; hardly a word of direct moralizing is intruded into the story.

In "The Man Who Was Dead" Tolstoy tells of a hopeless drunkard, who, feeling himself unworthy of his respectable wife, decides to commit suicide in order to free her from his presence. At the last moment his strength fails him, and he merely disappears, causing reports of his death to be spread abroad. His wife marries a former lover. When the secret is discovered, owing to a "blackmailing blackguard," the drunkard does his best to save the situation by actually shooting himself. The drama, with its evident sympathy for the reprobate hero, is of a moral tone not found elsewhere in Tolstoy. A speech by the weak Fedia gives the key to the play:

In our class three courses only are open to a man; the first is to go into the Government service, to make money, and to increase the ugliness of the life round you. This was disgusting to me, or perhaps I was

simply unfit for it, but disgust was the stronger motive. The second course is to destroy the ugly conditions of life. But only heroes can do that, and I am not a hero. The third issue is to drink in order to forget, to indulge in dissipation, and to sing. That was my choice—I sang, and you see what end my singing has led me to. (He drinks.)

Here alone Tolstoy has taken his principal character from the third class, that beloved of Gorky, and, in a different fashion, of Dostoevski; that he has been able to create a living man is a proof of his artistic sympathy.

"The Light that Shines in Darkness" is essentially a piece of autobiography, presenting Tolstoy's relations with his family after his religious conversion had made him feel the unrighteousness of private property, particularly in land. Unable to bring his wife to share his opinions, and unable himself to rise to the height of his convictions and wander forth as a religious mendicant, he first refused to have anything to do with the property that legally belonged to him, and later made it over to his wife, while he remained at home, striving to live the life of a laborer, though surrounded by a "luxury" that he detested. The ludicrous incongruity of his position, more patent to him than to any of his critics, he draws in this comic tragedy, which reads like a pendant to Mollière's "Misanthrope." Alceste has married Célimène, who has laid aside her coquetry and become a devoted, if somewhat philistine, wife and mother, while he himself, from a mere critic of the follies of society, has developed into a preacher of a new religion. To leave our comparison, the hero Saryntsov is finally murdered by the mother of a young man whom he has led by his teachings to reject military service, and who has been sent to a punitive battalion. Dying, Saryntsov takes his murderer's guilt upon himself, and in his last moments realizes the true meaning of his life. This we learn from a summary of the last act; the author, who, intentionally or unintentionally, had for four acts treated his double with something like mockery, could not or would not write the dialogue that should invest him with tragic dignity. The unfinished piece is of interest chiefly to students of Tolstoy's personality. Against humorous pictures of society that have something of the comic force of "The Fruits of Culture," the religious enthusiasm of Saryntsov stands out as whimsical or even self-righteous; it may sometimes become pathetic, but is never really impressive, and wins the reader's sympathy, if at all, only through his recollection of Tolstoy's other works. Yet, feeble though the drama may be, it aids one in understanding the tragedy of Tolstoy's final flight from home. Human weakness, not hypocrisy, prevented Tolstoy from becoming

earlier a martyr to his religious scorn of modern civilization.

Taken as a whole, these volumes fill one with new respect not only for Tolstoy's religious sincerity, but for his artistic instinct. They are full of passages worthy of his greatest works, and they show new sides of his powers, but none of them has the harmony and completeness of even the slighter pieces that he himself sent forth into the world; like "Resurrection," but in a far greater degree, they are imperfectly developed fragments of great themes.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Turnstile. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is no mean achievement to write a story dealing with Parliamentary life in England and escape dreariness. As it is, Mr. Mason has a close call. We are frankly tired of the young politician who storms the House of Commons. He is elected by a smashing majority. His maiden speech catches the ear of the House, not by its brilliancy, but by that indefinable "something" which reveals the strong man who knows his subject—and what he wants. He draws the attention of the Government; he is marked as a coming man; he brings forward a troublesome amendment and cuts down the Ministerial majority, and he refuses to be bribed with an Under-Secretaryship. All this is traditional. Where the author has avoided tedium is in making the Parliamentary career of his hero an interlude, though a very prolonged interlude, in a life that tends towards higher things. It is a novel idea to have a man lead an expedition to the South Pole with the sole aim of laying the foundation for a political career. But the frigid spaces of the South, wooed by Capt. Rames, in a spirit of cold calculation, develop into a grand passion before which the petty triumphs of party politics must give way. Something also must give way before the *idée fixe*, and that is the love of woman, a motive Mr. Mason has cleverly worked out. There is little in Cynthia Daventry to distinguish her from the horde of "nice" women in British fiction, and the figure of Benoile the Jew is quite absurd. In James Challenger we have a vigorous, consistent bit of character drawing. An easy, agreeable narrative style contributes noticeably to the rapid turning of the pages.

Among the Idol-Makers. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The striking trait of the modern writing Englishman is his versatility. To do one thing, and do it well, no longer suffices. That energy lauded by Mr. Bennett in "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" is a surprisingly frequent asset among his fellow-coun-

trymen of letters. To write all the time and to write all sorts of things seem to be the chief rules. Essayists are not contented with the essay, or novelists with the novel. Philosophers take to fiction, and scholars to the drama. In general, the novel is the common meeting-ground. That grim old warrior of Positivism, Frederic Harrison, took to romance in his later years; and now Professor Jacks, the learned editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, chooses to exercise himself in the field of the short-story writer. He is at no particular pains to hide his tracks. These are undisguisedly the tales of a philosopher. We do not mean by this that they are dull, but that each of them contains an idea, and would hardly have existed but for that idea. One group of stories, "The Tragedy of Professor Denison," contains so much philosophizing that the narrative is altogether overshadowed. "The Self-Deceivers" is an account of the humors of two university dons, one a Determinist and the other a Libertarian. They are excellent friends in their private capacity, but at sword's points in all matters relating to philosophical theory. The upshot of it is that, when the test comes, each of them acts precisely as he should not if he were to practice what he seems to preach. But the difficulty of the situation is put neatly by the chronicler: "If the argument for Free-will were quite conclusive, it would make Determinists of us all. Whereas if the logic of Determinism were to triumph, we would all be compelled to embrace Free-will." Altogether the best story in the volume, as a story, is the last one, "Helen Ramsden"—in which a simple human poignancy of feeling keeps the underlying mental theme in its place. Mr. Jacks is least happy in his attempts at broad humor; they are a little conscious and school-masterish. He writes with too stiff a shoulder to be a story-teller of a high order. Nevertheless, the hand of little enjoyment hath the daintier sense; our philosopher is superior to the mere tricks of the professional short-story writer. Approached as little studies in life by a don and a lover of life, these sketches have a charm of their own.

The Fugitives. By Margaret Fletcher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

After carefully reading the book we are not quite sure who the fugitives are, or what they are running away from. At the start there are apparently to be three heroines, English girl students in Paris. We become more or less interested in them all, and then Elizabeth has to go home to nurse younger brothers and sisters through chicken-pox, and we hear of her no more. The rest of the book is divided between the other two. Patricia, a Catholic, be-

comes engaged to a supposed widower, only to find that his divorced wife is living, and to renounce him. After his wife's death they are reunited. Stéphanie, sceptical, headstrong, and proud of her independence, is brought by experience to feel the need of religion and of protection. We are not told what becomes of her. The same uncertainty prevails with regard to the men in the story. The young Polish artist who is most prominent at the beginning disappears and is rarely heard from in the latter part. Two other men, an Australian and an American, enter the story. There is no plot and of course no conclusion; only a series of loosely connected episodes. Yet in spite of these lacks the book is not uninteresting. It presents a picture, free from sensationalism, of the life of the better class of students in the Latin Quarter. In various ways it suggests a transcript from experience and perhaps its purpose is merely reminiscence. The style has both ease and point.

The Noble Rogue. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

If a vacuum-cleaner could exercise its kindly functions through this volume, extracting the fine writing, there would remain a story improbable to the point of fable, yet a story that valiantly marches and stirring rattles. A marriage contracted by two children, French and English, sets a ball rolling through the reign of Charles the Second, and gathering bulky material in the laws of marriage and of inheritance, the conspiracies of Titus Oates, and the gentlemanly blackguardisms of the day of the Merry Monarch. To set aside a wife who refuses to be set aside, to be at once a scoundrel and a Don Quixote, was perhaps never yet described with entire plausibility. But in reading this romance one must not question; one must spread the wings and hope for the best. As indicated, matters are made harder than they need be by the inordinate language. We do not complain of "Sdeath! an I mistake not," nor of "By the Mass I call you right welcome." The era, or the conventional view of the era, demands it. We are not so sure that it demands "He'll quieten down anon." We do object to unbroken pages of flowery allegory spoken by a lover to his lass; and to being drawn into the dialect in the character of the plain reader. It is uncomfortable to be asked by the author, "think you" this and that; to find her saying, "O Time, why dost not stop at moments such as this?" While "Great God! Did you not know that Papa Legros had learned to love this man like he would his own son?" addressed to space as it were, shows that enthusiasm and grammar do not always go together.

PITT AND NAPOLEON.

Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters.
By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.

Essays on certain disputed historical questions and a considerable body of documents, which would have weighted too heavily his excellent biographies of Pitt and Napoleon, Mr. Rose has now published as a separate volume, supplementary and yet complete in itself. Only three of the essays have been previously printed—the centenary paper on "The True Significance of Trafalgar" appeared in the *Independent Review* (November, 1905), and the critical and humorous dissection of "Marbot and his Memoirs" in the *Cornhill Magazine* (July, 1906). The memoirs of Marbot he finds to be probably genuine, but "vitiated by the persistent efforts of the writer to represent himself as the chief figure in events where he was little more than an insignificant accessory." Also the vivacious and picturesque interview, part French and part English, which a certain Major Vivian had with Napoleon at Elba a few weeks before the escape, was privately published in 1839, but has long been out of print; Mr. Rose has rightly judged it to be worth printing again where it will have a wider audience. One of Napoleon's observations to Major Vivian was: "The Americans want a ten years' war to make them a nation; they at present have no noblesse which they would acquire by a war; they are now a nation of merchants as is shown in the case of the sale of Jefferson's library to the highest bidder." He also prophesied that the English would lose Canada, an ominous remark which Vivian reported to the English Cabinet, and which probably accounts in part for their anxiety to prevent Napoleon's escape to the United States.

In the graceful opening essay, "The Oratory of Pitt," Mr. Rose analyzes the wonderful qualities that gave this slender youth his power to sway and control for a quarter of a century a House of Commons which had listened to Chat-ham and Burke and which had vibrated also to the tones of Sheridan and Fox. He compares him favorably with Gladstone, and concludes that the great merit of Pitt's speeches was in the balance of their qualities. "They took a middle course between the Pegasus flight of Burke and the pedestrian efforts of Grenville. While his sonorous cadences satisfy the ear of the artist, his periods, like his thoughts, were rarely, if ever, too complex for the halting wits of the country squires who formed the bulk of the members."

"Was Pitt Responsible for the Quiberon Disaster?" sheds a good deal of new light on a vexed subject. Fox and the French royalists accused Pitt, and the accusation has often been repeated, of perfidiously sending French noblemen

to be massacred. Sheridan, with the reckless ignorance and eager spite of a partisan, declared that though British blood had not flowed at Quiberon [which was false], yet "British honor had bled at every pore." Mr. Rose shows conclusively that Pitt's plans were reasonably wise and absolutely single-minded. The disasters which followed on the beach and in the meadow by Quiberon were due to the discord between the English admiral and the French royalist leader, Puisaye, and also between the nobility and the peasantry of the French royalists themselves. They were also due to Puisaye's military inexperience, bad judgment, and unpardonable carelessness, which were rendered all the worse by the fact that the opposing Republican commander, Hoche, was a genius second only to Napoleon; to the treachery of some of the French prisoners of war who had enrolled in the regiments for Quiberon as a means of getting back to France; to Charette, the idolized Vendean chief, who refused to bring his bands of peasants to cooperate with an untrusted noble like Puisaye, who was eating oysters on the beach when he ought to have been attacking the enemy; and, finally, to an unforeseeable and spiteful dispatch from a royalist secret committee at Paris which led astray one of Puisaye's detachments intended to assail Hoche in the rear.

As to the paper, "Did Napoleon Intend to Invade England?" we also accept the affirmative conclusion which Mr. Rose bases partly on an estimate of Napoleon's general character, his daring enthusiasm, his magnificent self-confidence, and his conviction of the value of waging offensive warfare, and partly on an examination of Napoleon's daily dispatches from 1803-05. Napoleon always regarded the Boulogne fleet as a convenient way to worry and intimidate the English and compel them to keep a large part of their fleet in the neighborhood of the Channel, and also as a valuable means of stimulating the French army, the French navy, and the whole French nation to their utmost exertion by holding out to view a glorious enterprise. But, more than this, he really did intend, at midsummer, 1804, to attempt the crossing with the assistance of the Toulon fleet; he went to Boulogne, pushed on the preparations with feverish haste, and had struck the famous medals which were to be distributed after landing and which showed him as Hercules strangling a merman, with the legend, *Descente en Angleterre: frappée à Londres, 1804*; but in September he abandoned all thought of an immediate invasion, owing to unexpected difficulties which arose at Boulogne and to the sudden death of Latouche, the commander of the Toulon fleet. In the spring of 1805, however, he returned again to his fixed resolve to attempt the

crossing with the aid of Villeneuve's squadron. "If we are masters of the Straits for six hours, England is no more," he wrote to Decrès, August 4. But as Austria had meanwhile assumed a warlike attitude, he quickly developed other plans and suddenly astonished the world by his march from Boulogne to Ulm and Austerlitz. The fact that nearly all naval authorities pronounced his naval schemes impracticable, does not prove that the daring, self-confident Emperor so regarded them himself, or that he did not really intend to attempt them. Also, all his later assertions and those of Méneval, Bourrienne, and the others on this subject are of little value in comparison with the strictly contemporary evidence which Mr. Rose has so carefully sifted. Other essays discuss the British rule in Corsica, the relief of the poor under Pitt, and Napoleon's failure to understand why he lost Waterloo.

The second half of the volume contains some of the more interesting parts of Pitt's correspondence with George III, Portland, Windham, Harrowby, and others. This has hitherto been unpublished, though it was used by Mr. Rose for his life of Pitt. There are more letters to Pitt than from him. Though Pitt's letters have not the highest literary merits, they are of considerable interest as the outcome of a cultured mind and of a noble and patriotic nature. His earliest letters, of which Mr. Rose gives some interesting specimens in the first half of the volume, display the intolerable pomposity which he learned from his father. But he soon freed himself from this and adopted the simple and direct epistolary style natural to him. As he never forgot his position as Prime Minister, he never shook off entirely the cautious reserve congenial to Downing Street; and as he often preferred to trust oral rather than written communications, his correspondence rarely reveals startling secrets. We quote a single characteristic letter, which illustrates how neatly he could return a courteous and crushing answer, and which also betrays his indefensible carelessness in failing to answer, or even to read, some of his letters:

My Lord: I received yesterday from your Lordship a paper reminding me that I had omitted to notice a former letter from you on the subject of finance. You must give me leave to observe that in such cases the right which your Lordship is pleased to state of being listened to will always depend, in my opinion, more on the apparent merits of the project than on the rank of the projector. I should certainly most readily have acknowledged the zeal for the public service which dictated your first letter, if, in the midst of other business, it had not inadvertently escaped me; but I own that I have not the good fortune to enter sufficiently into your ideas, as stated in either paper, to lead me to trouble you further on the subject.

A History of Witchcraft in England, from 1558 to 1718. By Wallace Notestein. Washington: American Historical Association.

This work was originally a dissertation submitted for a Yale doctorate, and still shows signs of its origin in a certain crudity of presentation and absence of coördination. It is, however, a careful piece of work, displaying much research and giving in detail and in chronological order most of the trials for witchcraft and the controversies to which they gave rise between the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne. To it has been awarded the Adams prize in European history by the American Historical Association, under whose auspices it is published.

After a perfunctory sketch of the earlier history, Professor Notestein goes through the most prominent cases in Elizabeth's reign and then devotes a special chapter to Reginald Scott, the author of the first attack upon the belief in witchcraft in England; though, curiously enough, he omits all reference to Shakespeare's use of Scott, which caused the book to be reprinted some few years ago by Dr. Nicholson. In dealing with James I's reply to Scott, the writer produces plausible evidence to show that the King, after the publication of his "Dæmonologie," found reason to change his views owing to several cases investigated by him, in which the fraudulent character of the supposed acts of witchcraft came to light. In the well-known case of the Lancashire witches under Charles I an interesting point is made of the intervention of William Harvey, in one instance, on the rational side.

A lengthy chapter is devoted to the career of Matthew Hopkins, the great witch-finder, whose career is central in the history of this superstition. The increased activity of the courts under the Commonwealth and the later Stuarts was possibly due to his influence. But public opinion was aroused on the right side by a whole series of writers of distinction, from Francis Osborne and Sir Robert Filmer through Hobbes and Casaubon down to Francis Hutchinson, whose historical essay, published in 1718, was the final blow to the superstition in the minds of all right-thinking men. Mr. Notestein unfortunately gives no detailed account of Hutchinson's work, which would have formed a suitable conclusion to his own treatment. It is curious to find the skeptical Glanvil a strenuous supporter of the belief in witchcraft, while Selden and Hobbes, though skeptical as to the reality of witchcraft, agreed with the then state of the law which declared that witches should be punished.

From this brief summary of the main points discussed in Mr. Notestein's essay it will be seen that he has treated

all the main topics of interest, both in the trials and in the literature, during the period with which he is dealing. But it cannot be said that his treatment is at all effective considering the romantic interest surrounding his subject. Both trials and pamphlets are analyzed and discussed in the driest possible manner. He has carefully avoided the more general bearings of the matter, which he reserves for treatment elsewhere, but by thus restricting the use of his very extensive materials, he has robbed his essay of attractiveness and interest. In fairness it should be added that the book throughout shows great industry and complete command of all the literature. Elaborate appendixes at the end give lists of rare pamphlets on the subject, as well as a fairly complete chronological enumeration of the various witch trials.

Edwin M. Bacon and Morrill Wyman; "The Robert Browning Centenary Celebration," a volume edited by Prof. William Knight, containing the centenary addresses delivered at Westminster College Hall, London, May 7, this year; "The People's School," by Ruth Mary Weeks; "Winter" and "The Spring of the Year," both by Dallas Lore Sharp, and "The Riverside Fifth Reader," edited by J. H. Van Sickle and others.

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) is about to publish a study by Dr. H. P. Cholmeley of John of Gaddesden, who was the first English Court physician, and of his chief work, known as the "Rosa Anglica." It was written in 1314, was first printed in 1492, and is mentioned by Chaucer. John of Gaddesden was a graduate of Oxford in arts, medicine, and theology; he died in 1361, and is supposed to have been born about 1280.

The fifth volume of "The Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances" (Washington: The Carnegie Institution), edited from manuscripts in the British Museum by H. Oskar Sommer, contains the concluding portion of the "Lancelot" proper—"Lancelot, le très plaisant menteur," to use the words of Clément Marot. This concluding section of the romance is generally known as the "Agravain," and it is usually found in the manuscripts entirely separate from the rest of the "Lancelot" proper. In his "Romans de la Table Ronde" Paulin Paris gave only a partial analysis of it, so that until the publication of the present volume its contents were less known than those of any other portion of the Vulgate cycle of the prose Arthurian romances. It is essentially a continuation of the "Lancelot," planned so as to connect that romance, which was already of enormous length, with the "Queste del Saint Graal." The "Agravain" is, no doubt, itself a composite work, and this probably accounts for the inequality of workmanship which it displays in different parts. The first half of the book is decidedly superior to the second half, if we except certain episodes towards the end of the volume. Perhaps the romance, as originally written, was subsequently enlarged by interpolation on an extensive scale. It will be the task of criticism—not an easy one—to determine the truth about this matter, but, first of all, a collation of the text now published by Dr. Sommer, with the numerous manuscripts at Paris, will be necessary. Until such a collation is made, it is, of course, impossible to assert positively that the manuscript tradition throws no light on the problem. To be sure, there would be nothing surprising in it, if the search proved barren, for it is virtually certain that at least fifty years elapsed between the completion of the latest member of the cycle and the date of our earliest extant manuscripts. There was accordingly plenty of time for interpolated versions to supplant completely the original ones. Two more volumes will conclude Dr. Sommer's work, viz., a volume containing the "Queste del Saint Graal" and the "Mort Artu," both of which, however, unlike the "Lancelot," have already been edited, and, finally, as we understand, a volume containing a full Index of Names.

"A Chautauqua Boy in '61 and Afterward" (Small, Maynard) is a book of some 400 pages, containing the recollections of

Notes

W. Morgan Shuster is bringing out this month, through the Century Company, "The Strangling of Persia."

The Outing Publishing Co. has in press "The Law-Bringer," a novel of the Southwest, by Charles Alden Seltzer.

Spanish and English translations are promised of a recent work in French by the Danish historian, Mr. Bratli, on Philip II of Spain.

W. J. Henderson, the musical critic, has written a novel, "The Soul of a Tenor," which Holt will bring out in the autumn.

The same house will have ready at the end of this month a "French Grammar," by W. B. Snow, and "Elements of Geography," by Profs. Rollin D. Salisbury, Harlan H. Barrows, and Walter Sheldon Tower of the University of Chicago.

The following Dutton books will appear shortly: "Life's Chance," a searching of the Christian faith by Bishop G. H. S. Walpole; "Posthumous Essays," by John Churton Collins; "The Good Girl," a novel by Vincent O'Sullivan; "The Roll Call of Honor," being biographies of brave men and women for young readers, by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, and "An Introduction to the History of Life Insurance," by A. Fingland Jack.

Included in Stokes's list of books to be issued this summer are several volumes of fiction: "The Long Portage," by Harold Bindloss; "Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan; "Lifted Masks," by Susan Glaspell; "The Whistling Woman," by Robert Halifax; "Miss Wealthy," by Elizabeth Neff, and "The Bride's Hero," by M. P. Revere.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish shortly: "The Blue Wall," a novel by Richard Washburn Child; "An American Wooing," a novel by Florence Drummond; "The Loss of the S.S. Titanic," by Lawrence Beesley, one of the survivors; "Direct Elections and Law-Making by Popular Vote: The Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall, Commission Government for Cities, Preferential Voting," by

David B. Parker of Chautauqua County, New York, who served throughout the war, and was afterwards marshal for Virginia, and for many years inspector in the Post Office Department. The stories, anecdotes, and adventures which make up the book are told in a simple, direct style; it reflects the character of the author, and at times is not without real effectiveness and charm. The first chapters, dealing with the war period, are, perhaps, the least interesting. Those dealing with Parker's service as marshal for Virginia and as inspector in the postal service are more entertaining, and probably of more value for the historian. From the account of conditions in Virginia, one may gain some sidelights on the reconstruction period, and from the later chapters much to illustrate the spirit of the generation which began that industrial development that has culminated in the problem of the "special interests." Not that the book deals directly with industrial enterprises or the methods by which "big business" was built up; but one is somehow made aware that the twenty years from 1870 to 1890 was a period when men were rather intently occupied with the material side of life, a period of intellectual and spiritual apathy, following naturally enough upon the tremendous emotional strain of the Civil War, and containing little hint of the "moral issues" which are now producing a great awakening. The accuracy of Mr. Parker's recollections it is difficult to estimate, but he had that clear-headed, precise type of mind which generally recalls things pretty much as they happened, or else not at all.

"Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest" (McClurg), compiled and edited by Katherine Berry Judson, is similar to the author's "Myths and Legends of Alaska" and is to be estimated by the same standard. That is to say, it is less scientific than literary. The author specifically denies any effort to make it more than a faithful and pleasant recital of certain selections from the numerous native stories of California and that region. As such, the book is to be commended. There seems to be little or no tampering, in this volume, with the original thought, and the stories consequently have much of their original color. The illustrations are not quite adequate. They are good enough reproductions of photographs, but they are mainly landscapes and neglect the people described. It is not sufficient either to speak of "Indians" in so vague and general a way as is done in the titles of some of the illustrations; for example, "Indians in the Grand Canyon" (p. 91). The tribe should be specified—in this case Navajo. And it is also important that the popular mind should learn to distinguish the numerous stocks of Amerinds as is done with other races. The picture of the "Little Basket Maker" is excellent, but it would have been more interesting and valuable if the tribe (evidently Hopi) had been stated. These are slight defects, yet they mar an otherwise admirable little book.

"Readings on Parties and Elections in the United States" (Macmillan), by Chester L. Jones, is a useful and discriminating collection of extracts from formal treatises, speeches, newspaper and magazine articles, official publications, etc., illustrative of the development and present-day

workings of party organizations, the convention system, Federal and State elections, the treatment of corrupt practices, and direct legislation and the recall. While a good deal of the material is, in the nature of the case, ephemeral, the book as a whole is one which the thoughtful voter, as well as the teacher and student, will find worth while. The lack of an index is to be regretted.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. has brought out three reading books in English history—"The Dawn of British History," by Alice Corkran, and "The Birth of England" and "From Conquest to Charter," by Estelle Ross—which are superior to anything of the sort that we have seen. The authors evince marked skill, not only in framing a straightforward narrative sufficiently full of well-chosen detail, but also in maintaining throughout a literary form which is at once simple, dignified, and attractive. The numerous illustrations in black and white, by Evelyn Paul and M. Lavars Harry, are of a high order. The books can be heartily commended to teachers and to libraries.

The Roycrofters of East Aurora, N. Y., issue in handsome form "The Long Roll," by Charles F. Johnson, a young Swede, whose Civil War diary, during two years service in the Ninth New York Volunteers, makes up the book. The author was a spirited, fairly intelligent youth, well Americanized before his enlistment. He had a knack with the pencil, the fruits of which are profusely scattered among his pages. The volume, however, contains nothing about a private's service which has not been better told before, many times over. Book-buyers must note that C. F. Johnson's "Long Roll," copyrighted by Mary S. Johnson, is not Mary Johnston's "Long Roll," the well-known novel. The coincidence is curious, and we hope not intentional.

"Social Aspects of Education" (Macmillan), by Irving King, is a plea for the conscious use of the public school as a "social centre," to bring about desirable social ends not obtained through the family life, to which the social guidance of the child is for the most part left. A large portion of the volume is devoted to the republication of extracts from various authors who have written on one phase or another of the subject, and lists of topics for further study, together with bibliographies, are appended to the various chapters.

Henry Demarest Lloyd died in 1903, just when his work was commencing to bear fruit. And already he is but a name hardly remembered by the older members of the present generation, and entirely unknown to the younger, although we are all travelling swiftly and with comparative ease upon paths in whose making he bore the pioneer's part. The historian who in the future engages in the task of tracing the beginnings of the movement which we now call the "social unrest" will find one great landmark to guide him, and that will be Lloyd's work, "Wealth against Commonwealth," which appeared in 1894. That book was the first—and, even to-day, may, perhaps, fairly be called the greatest—specimen of the "literature of exposure." In this country, it is a pity that in those days it could not receive the extraordinary publicity given only a few years later by the popular magazines to far less worthy

efforts. But it should not be forgotten that Henry Demarest Lloyd showed the way. For this reason, his biography, now published by his sister ("Henry Demarest Lloyd, 1847-1903: A Biography," by Caro Lloyd, with an introduction by Charles Edward Russell; Putnam), deserves to be read by all who are fighting to-day for the common good. The tendency to idealize one's subject is, no doubt, irresistible in cases such as this. It would be an easy task to show that Lloyd was no great thinker, that he had no absolutely new message of his own for humanity, and that his reflections upon many of the great abstract questions of the day and of all time were neither very original nor very deep. But that would be to miss the whole value of both the book and its subject. Henry Demarest Lloyd was a generous, whole-souled, self-sacrificing man, who devoted his life to the cause of the people, as against monopoly and special privilege, and who gave abilities of no mean order to the work. Barely of age, he went into the Free-Trade fight of 1868, and from that day to the day of his death he was active on the side of the people. The keynote of his life is to be found in a statement many times reiterated by him: "In all issues, the principle of but one side can be right. The workingman is often wrong, but his is always the right side." It is not necessary here to recount the various stages of a career of public service in a private capacity, which finally led him into the Socialist party at the close of his life. After all, it is not Lloyd's opinions which are of importance so much as are his character, his keen sense of justice, his violent passion for the right as he saw it, and his utter disregard of self when service was to be rendered to the cause he loved. One may very easily disagree fundamentally with many of his views, and at the same time feel strongly attracted by the chivalrous personality, which is on the whole well depicted in this biography.

Few books of travel are more delightful than Fromentin's "Une Année dans le Sahel." Fromentin is best known as a painter of Algerian subjects; here he recounts his Algerian experiences in admirable prose. The descriptive passages, as one would expect, are unusually vivid, but they show no encroachment of the methods of pictorial technique. The writer is less concerned with the momentary aspects of things than with their changes and their human significance. Characters as individual and as interesting as those of the best fiction appear and reappear in the course of the narrative. Some of them add comic touches; others converge in a strange tragedy. The work is well edited, in the Oxford Higher French Series, by Prof. Léon Morel, who writes as introduction a long and valuable essay on the life and work of Fromentin.

"Ma Tante et mon curé" (Jenkins) is a comedy written for American consumption by Mlle. Eugénie Pissault. According to the preface, which is apparently by the author, "the play is a perfect jewel of delicacy, grace, and wit." In the pages the reviewer has read the heroine's aunt beats her once, shakes her twice, slaps her thrice, and the niece covers her aunt's cheeks with jam and receives a spoonful of dough in her own face in return, while the twain ex-

change insults by the dozen, and the on-looking curate takes pinches of snuff by the score.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Lion Phillimore, the author of "In the Carpathians" (Holt), has made good use of her opportunity. Travelling by wagon from Zakopane, in Galicia, to Kronstadt, in Transylvania—a distance of some 500 miles—and camping out almost every night, she has little enough to tell of the interesting country she traversed and the picturesque people she met. She started with a good stock of British prejudices and did not altogether divest herself of them in her contact with Poles, Ruthenians, Magyars, Rumanians, Jews, or Gypsies. She had but hazy notions of the political relations of all these motley people, evidently believing that a war between Austria and Hungary was quite likely, and, in general, troubled herself little about verifying what she saw or heard. She finds that Wallachs speak "a sort of" Rumanian, that "Kukuruz" (the same as maize) is made of maize meal, and believes that a Polish peasant boy of eighteen who offered himself as a guide, had been "to Cracow University and spoke Latin and Greek, Polish and German." The book shows throughout an affected naïveté, which becomes tedious, as does the ever-recurring talk about the morning bath. Of the author's generalizations, the following is a fair sample: "Poles and Slovaks, we decided were among the lovable races of the world; Ruthenians and Jews were to be esteemed but not beloved; while gypsies were too flighty and flippant to be recipient of any responsible emotion." There is no *raison d'être* for this volume, except that the author wanted to possess a printed record of a journey which, on her own showing, she did not always fully enjoy.

In the death of William Watson Goodwin, on Sunday, Harvard has lost another representative of that stalwart community of scholars of an earlier day which included such men as Child and Norton and Shaler. Professor Goodwin was a native of Concord, Mass. He was born May 9, 1831, and graduated from Harvard in 1851. He also studied at the Universities of Berlin, Bonn, and Göttingen, and received the degree of Ph.D. from the last-named university. The degree of LL.D. he received from Amherst, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, and Yale Universities. Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L. Dr. Goodwin was professor of Greek literature at Harvard from 1860 to 1901, and professor emeritus since 1901. He was a Knight of the Greek Order of the Redeemer and first director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens; president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 1903; an overseer of Harvard University, 1903-09; an honorary member of the Hellenic Societies of London and Constantinople, Philological Society of Cambridge, England, Archaeological Society and Academy of Science of Athens; and a member of the German Archaeological Institute of Berlin. His Greek grammar and other grammatical treatises are widely known. Fuller mention of Professor Goodwin will be made in the *Nation* next week.

The death is reported from Paris of Frédéric Passy, the economist and apostle of peace, aged ninety. He was commander

of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute, and one of the founders of the International and Permanent League of Peace. M. Passy wrote several treatises on economic subjects, besides occasional poems.

Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the French writer, who is mentioned in another column, died in Paris on Sunday, at the age of seventy. Among his best-known works are: "L'Antiprotestantisme," "Etudes russes et européennes," "Les Congrégations religieuses et l'expansion de la France," "Christianisme et Socialisme," and "Les Juifs et l'Antisemitisme." He was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and director of the Institute.

Science

Good Cheer: The Romance of Food and Feasting. By F. W. Hackwood. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. \$2.50 net.

The Economy of Food. By J. Alan Murray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Simple Italian Cookery. By Antonia Isola. New York: Harper & Bros. 50 cents net.

The New England Cook-Book. By Helen S. Wright. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50 net.

A List of Books on Domestic Science in the Public Library of Boston. Published by the Trustees.

It has been said that in Germany, and still more in Austria, novels which include alluring descriptions of banquets are sure of success. The French can hardly be accounted second to the Teutons in their addiction to the pleasures of the table, or their eagerness to read about them; and that English writers also are not altogether indifferent to such savory topics is shown by Mr. Hackwood in *Good Cheer in Fiction*, which constitutes the last chapter of his book. The greater part of this volume is concerned with gastronomy in England, past and present, though there are brief excursions to other European countries. Of American specialties he seems to be singularly ignorant; the only reference to our country is this: "If America has a national dish, it is the favorite pork and beans of the New England States, which patriotic Americans order at the hotels and restaurants as 'Stars and Stripes'!" He is much better informed regarding the ancient Greeks and Romans; tells about the Homeric heroes who did not disdain to prepare their own simple meals; about the composition of the Spartan black broth which made the men of this tribe fearless of death in the battlefield; of later days of luxury and gluttony, especially in Rome; and many other things likely to interest those not familiar with them from their school and college days.

Of genuine value is the bulk of Mr. Hackwood's volume, bringing together as it does a greater amount of curious information regarding food and eating in England, particularly during the Middle Ages, than can be found between the covers of any other book. He is thoroughly at home on this ground, having previously gathered similar material for two other volumes, "The Good Old Times" and "Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England." British inns are pretty bad even now, from the culinary point of view, but they are probably like restaurants of the Parisian boulevards as compared with the mediæval inns, on the miseries of which Erasmus and others expressed themselves so forcibly. Of those days, when travellers of all ranks were obliged to resort to the monasteries in order to make sure of good fare and comfortable lodging, the author unfolds a picture which justifies the use of the word "romance" in his title.

While on the whole there was gradual progress in the arts of cooking and eating, there were ups and downs which are duly noted in these pages. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those on the great influence of the introduction of forks on not only the table etiquette of the English, but on their way of cooking meats, the mortrewes, hashes, and other messes of "spoon meat" giving way to chines of beef and other large joints. Gradually the whale, porpoise, seawolf, and other impossible creatures were eliminated from the bill-of-fare, and the English became known the world over as the beef-eaters, an appellation in which they take pride to the present day, attributing their supremacy among nations partly to their meat diet. The author admits the lack of imagination in British culinary art. It is shown chiefly in the treatment of vegetables, of which England always has had a scant variety as compared with France, Italy, and Germany. One notes with some amusement, in perusing these pages, that some food questions which are commonly supposed to be the special outcome of present-day conditions, agitated the public hundreds of years ago. As early as the thirteenth century the city of London curbed the greedy middlemen by not allowing them to charge more than three half-pence for the best hen, a penny for a pigeon, three shillings for a swan, five pence for a goose, and so on. As for the fireless cooker, supposed to be of yesterday, Charles XII anticipated its principle when he cooked a fat hen while on the march by inserting within it a piece of hot steel, the whole being placed in a tin box which was wrapped in a woollen cloth and strapped on a soldier's back. Possibly, too, the acid preparation of milk demanded by the old monastic rule was an instinctive an-

ticipation of the doctrines of Professor Metchnikoff.

Popular fallacies of a different kind are exposed by Mr. Murray in his book on "The Economy of Food." He thinks the usual distinction made between foods as flesh-formers and heat-producers is radically unsound. Another mistake is to suppose that raw, or semi-raw meat is more nutritious than that which has been moderately cooked. "The latter is more easily masticated, and probably on that account more readily digestible." The oft-repeated statement that skim-milk and buttermilk are more nutritious than fresh whole milk is absurd. Eggs do not contain so large a proportion of nutriment as they are credited with; compared with many other foods they are dear; yet they contain a larger proportion of phosphorus than does fish, which, in turn, is good for brain workers, not because of its phosphorus, but because it is more digestible (with some exceptions) than meats. Among meats, beef is not always more digestible than pork; it depends on the age of the animal and the part of its body from which the meat is cut—a consideration sometimes ignored by those who make tables of the comparative digestibility of various viands.

These points, gathered here and there from the pages of Mr. Murray's book, show that it is of interest and value to all who eat, as well as to the students of domestic science, the cooks, caterers, housekeepers, and managers of institutions for whom he says he wrote it. He uses the word "economy" not only in the sense of thrift or saving, but in a general sense which enables him to include in his discussion the nature, sources, composition, and functions of various kinds of food. At the same time the money side of the question is duly considered. As the writer sagely remarks, it is not economy, but the reverse, to provide food, however cheap, "which the person for whom it is intended can't or won't eat." He weighs various foods in the balance—explaining, for example, that bread contains four or five times as much nutritive matter as an equal weight of potatoes—and gives directions as to what kinds are best for workers, for infants, and so on. There are special chapters on butcher's meat, poultry, game, and fish, dairy produce, cereals, fruits, prepared foods, spices, and the effects of cooking, followed by others in which diets are computed mathematically. National diets are also briefly noticed.

Antonia Isola's little book on "Italian Cookery" would have gained in interest had it been prefaced by a few pages summing up the gastronomic peculiarities of the people of her extraction. However, the professional cook or the mistress who does her own cooking and wisely craves variety, will soon discover from a perusal of the recipes given what are the national and local

flavors of the peninsula which gives us the best macaronis and oils, and some of the best cheeses and wines. Not a few of the dishes described in these pages are international. In the second section, however, we plunge in *medias res*—the spaghetti, vermicelli, and other varieties of maccaroni, among which, strange to say, the best of them all, the tagliatelli, is not mentioned. Equally Italian are the risotto and other rice dishes, the ravioli, the polenta, the gnocchi of farina or potato. Eggs, fishes, vegetables, meats, can be cooked in many tempting Italian ways by following the directions of the author. She also pays due attention to the national desserts, among which chestnuts figure so prominently and appetizingly.

The "New England Cook Book" of Helen S. Wright (most cook books in America are written by women, which is not the case abroad) naturally has less local flavor than Antonia Isola's. It is a more comprehensive collection of recipes, some of them modern, others direct legacies from Puritan ancestors. Because of New England's proximity to the ocean, fish and shellfish take up many pages. Just to look at the list of preparations of them whets the appetite. We find the fishes in soups and salads, as well as by themselves. Preserves and pickles also play prominent rôles in that part of the country; in the wealth of recipes for these lies perhaps the book's chief value. Many pages are devoted to breads, biscuits, and cakes, of which New England has not a few varieties peculiar to itself. The directions given are always clear and succinct.

The rapidly increasing importance assigned to the discussions of dietary and other domestic questions is illustrated by the publication, by the trustees of that admirably managed institution, the Boston Public Library, of a list of its books on Domestic Science. It consists of 65 pages of two columns each, followed by an elaborate index. Considerable difficulty was encountered in the matter of classification, but the arrangement adopted is satisfactory and serviceable. The books are grouped under Household Management; Food, Nutrition, Diet, Digestion; Beverages; Cookery; The Table, Gastronomy, Dining; Dress, Clothing. There are subdivisions; under cookery, for instance, the different nations are classed separately; also, camp cookery, the chafing-dish, etc. Altogether, it is a catalogue which will be found useful by all who are concerned with good housekeeping, including, particularly, the teachers and students of the 125 institutions which in this country are now ready to grant diplomas in domestic science.

Among Houghton Mifflin's forthcoming books is "Observations on Borzoi," an account of the Russian wolfhound, by Joseph B. Thomas.

The appearance of a volume on a topic such as "The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or, The Mind in Health and Disease" (McClurg), by William S. Sadler, M.D., intended for the general public, is in itself an unpleasant sign of the times. "The natural, unconstrained human being," says Feuchtersleben, "feels himself to be complete and leads an existence unconscious of itself." But in the 500 pages into which Dr. Sadler has packed a miscellaneous amount of medical, semi-medical, pseudo-philosophical, emotional, and religious talk, there is more than enough to confuse the well man and far too much to cure the sick. Written, partly, to confute the fads of the day, this book inevitably furnishes convenient arguments for Christian Scientists and devotees of other cults, who will not fail to select from its pages what suits their purposes. The author cites, from his own practice, cases in which conversion to faith effected cures, and though he disclaims having "discovered a method whereby it would be possible to determine by material tests as to whether or not a person was sincere in his profession of religion," his stories of the "somewhat disagreeable married woman" and the "unfaithful husband" whose blood-pressure was reduced after conversion, will lead immature minds to draw wrong conclusions. It must be admitted that there is much sound information of one kind or another in Dr. Sadler's book, but there are also not a few debatable medical statements. Judicious members of his profession will not all consider it useful to proclaim that "there are some physicians who believe that constant thinking of the appendix, coupled with the incessant fear of appendicitis, has had not a little to do with actually bringing about a nervous and circulatory condition which greatly favors infection and disease in this particularly predisposed locality," and that "whatever may be the influence of the mind in causing warts, it seems probable that the mental state has, in some cases, had much to do with their removal." And neither the physician nor the layman will be the better for Dr. Sadler's fervent expression of his personal belief that "he recognizes the sublime power of the true Christian religion not only to accomplish all the desirable physiological and psychological effects herein noted, but in addition to bring about a host of other and marvellous spiritual manifestations and mighty moral transformations." The book, with its diagrams illustrating "the action of the mind in the elaboration of thought," "the three planes of consciousness—conscience, reason, and instinct," "the relations of the parts of the human body to the signs of the zodiac," "woman with a spirit of infirmity," etc., etc., has an antiquated, phrenological look, but it is ultra-modern for all that. It chimes in with the popular demand for second-hand medical knowledge and psychotherapeutic twaddle. All that Dr. Sadler, aside from strictly medical advice, might profitably have communicated to the general reader, he could have found in the few pages of Kant's little treatise on "The Power of the Mind to Conquer Morbid Feelings by Sheer Determination" ("Von der Macht des Gemüths, durch den blossen Vorsatz seiner krankhaften Gefühle Meister zu sein"). Had he himself benefited by its reasoning, he could not possibly

have penned such truisms as that "most hypochondriacs would speedily recover if they would but become confirmed optimists."

Drama

"King John" (Duffield), edited by the late Dr. Furnivall, with introduction by F. W. Clarke, is the latest issue of The Old-Spelling Shakespeare. The main advantages of this series are its cheapness and the fact that it reproduces the typographical peculiarities of the original editions. The present volume contains only seven notes—on matters selected at random. The Introduction calls for no comment, except that the dating of the play which it offers—1596—is manifestly too late. This would be grouping it with "The Merchant of Venice," with which in maturity of style it cannot stand comparison.

The class of 1895 of Smith College announces the publication of "Love in Umbria," a blank-verse drama of the first Franciscans in a prologue and three acts, by Lucy Heald, a member of the class.

Two special matinées of dramatic, musical, and scenic illustrations of the works of Keats and Shelley will be given at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on Tuesday, June 25, and Friday, June 28. The performance will be for the benefit of the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in Rome.

The American and colonial edition of "Shakspere, a Critical Study of his Mind and Art" (Dutton), by Edward Dowden, is a reprint of this well-known work with a new preface addressed, "To my Trans-Atlantic Readers." The book has an established place in Shakespearean criticism, and we believe that the author is right when, in this brief preface, he expresses his conviction that the course taken by Shakespearean study since it was written has not invalidated any of its main conclusions. It is a pity that Professor Dowden has not undertaken to bring his "Shakspere Primer" up to date. In respect to critical insight and charm of style no other work of similar scope can compare with it. Even his own "Introduction to Shakespeare" does not quite take the place of such a revision.

Rhys Carpenter wisely describes his "Tragedy of Etarre" (Sturgis & Walton) as a poem, for, although it is written in dramatic form, with a prologue and four acts, it has few of the qualities essential to the theatre. It required courage to challenge inevitable comparison with Tennyson's treatment of the same subject, but, if Mr. Carpenter fails to pass through his self-imposed ordeal triumphantly, he at least avoids disaster. His version of the old Arthurian legend contains passages of true poetic beauty, but as a whole is marred by over-elaboration of metaphors and epithets, an excessive insistence upon contributory details, and, especially in some of the more passionate scenes, a lack of artistic reticence. All the variations upon the Tennysonian idyll are not improvements. Here Gawaine is the victim of enchantment. In the prologue the Knight, like Macbeth, meets three weird sisters, representing the Past, Present, and Future,

who show him visions in a magic pool and bid him choose one of them as the ruling spirit of his life. He chooses the Present, and so becomes the creature of opportunity, and, apparently, is foredoomed, not only to succor the wretched Pelleas, but to play him false when tempted by the prodigal loveliness of Etarre. This, in a way, lessens the trial and the perfidy. But the encounter between Gawaine and Etarre is one of the most striking episodes in the poem, and the subsequent love scenes are luxuriant, not to say tropical, in imagination. But the legitimate dramatic effect of the discovery of the sleeping lovers by the abused Pelleas is greatly weakened by the rhetorical soliloquies in which he indulges. They are eloquent and poetic, but not human. The outraged knight should be more contemptuous or less magnanimous. The situation here is melodramatic, although the method is literary. But there is, nevertheless, true tragedy in the fate of the desolate Etarre, bereft of both lovers, and this is finely emphasized in the concluding act, which ends upon a dignified and pathetic note.

Mrs. E. M. Evarts is the translator of "The Living Corpse" (Brown Bros.), the six-act drama which was one of the latest productions of the great humanitarian, Leo Tolstoy. If it had been the work of a less eminent man it is not likely that it would have attracted much attention. As a tract, denunciatory of the orthodox clerical attitude towards divorce, it is too manifestly a bit of special pleading to be very effective, while regarded as drama it is constantly suggestive of the amateur, in the looseness of its construction and the conventionality of its expedients. Whether it was intended, as has been asserted, to be, in some sort, an explanation of his own domestic difficulties, a kind of *apologia pro vita sua*, is a question that need not be discussed here. Obviously it was inspired by sincere purpose and profound conviction. The philosophy of it is liberal and altruistic, even if its social morality be short-sighted. But considered either as a manifesto or a play, the composition is made abortive by two radical defects. In the first place the principal characters are idealizations, not credible human beings; in the second the catastrophe in which they are involved is, on the surface at least, due primarily, not so much to the theological or governmental systems attacked, as to the hero's conduct, of which—to be consistent—he must have been constitutionally incapable. There is the usual triangle, but the persons concerned are all of flawless purity. Victor, a paragon of all the virtues and a devoted churchman, has loved Liza from infancy, but resigns his pretensions in favor of his friend and rival Fedya. Liza loves Victor also, but loves Fedya a little more and marries him. Fedya, a man of the loftiest instincts, who worships his wife, is a hopeless drunkard. He deserts his bride habitually to associate with gypsies and to revel in the society of a beauty, named Masha, who adores him and whose singing enchants him. Again and again he is welcomed home as a prodigal, and forgiven. Again and again he promises amendment and relapses. At last, perceiving that life with Liza is impossible, and that Victor would marry her if she were free, he offers her a release, which she accepts, on the understanding that she shall have a

divorce. But to obtain this there must be proof of infidelity, and this Fedya will not give, maintaining that his affection for Masha is platonic and that he cannot lie. Nor will he commit suicide. Masha shows him a way out of the dilemma by pretending to drown himself, and to this plan he assents, acting a lie, if he will not utter one. Soon afterward a stray dead body is identified as his, and the marriage of Liza with Victor quickly follows. Presently Fedya betrays himself to a police spy, and Victor and Liza are arraigned for bigamy. Then Fedya shoots himself. It is not needful to dwell upon the weaknesses and inconsistencies of such a tale as this, which, at the best, is but sentimental melodrama. The only apparent moral—that sentimental young ladies should beware of rhapsodic Bohemians with Bacchanalian tendencies—is sound but not new, whereas the implied one that marriage contracts ought to be dissoluble, at any time, by mutual consent, will not commend itself to any sane thinker. Mrs. Evarts's translation is not well adapted for stage purposes.

Music

"The Symphony of the Thousand" is the name now given in Germany to the late Gustav Mahler's eighth, which calls, according to his directions, for eight vocal soloists, three separate choirs (two of mixed and the other of boys' voices), and an orchestra of 150 instrumentalists, as well as organ, harmonium, piano, celesta, and mandoline. A separate force of trumpets and trombones is also prescribed. But, in spite of these exacting requisitions, the work, which was first produced at Munich in September, 1910, under Mahler's own conductorship, has since been given in half a dozen different cities, always with brilliant success. In Berlin it was given three times last month on three consecutive days, and it was generally agreed that it marked the climax of the musical season.

The recent revival in Paris of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" brought forth some figures regarding the performances of this strange opera during the ten years since its première on April 30, 1902. During the first three years it was sung 36 times; in 1905 there were six performances, in 1906 there were 9, and the same number in 1907. Eight were given in 1908, 10 in 1909, 11 in 1911. The total for the ten years—eighty-nine—must seem lamentably small to those who know that a work which is a success at the Opéra-Comique is sure of hundreds of performances during the first few years. The recent revival included Marguerite Carré and Jean Périer.

Leipzig, the city in which Wagner was born, treated him shamefully till towards the end of his long life. His operas were cruelly maltreated, and when he gave concerts there the hall remained empty. On May 22, 1913, the same city will celebrate the Wagner centenary by laying the cornerstone of a grand monument to be chiselled by Max Klinger. The music for the occasion will be celebrated at the Gewandhaus (which for decades tabooed his works) by a special Wagner concert under the direction of Arthur Nikisch. The Stadtthe-

ater will contribute to the celebration a cycle of Wagner's operas and music dramas under the leadership of Otto Lohse.

Notwithstanding the increase of the price of the tickets for this year's performances of "Parsifal" and the "Ring of the Nibelung" at Bayreuth from \$5 to \$6, all the seats for the twenty performances were sold as long ago as last October, as Siegfried Wagner informed the press in Vienna, where he went a few weeks ago to attend the first Austrian performance of his opera, "Banadietrich." Evidently he does not agree with his mother that this summer's festival will be the last one at Bayreuth. The next, he said, would be in 1914. Richter, Muck, and Ballinger are the conductors this year.

Concerning his own activity, Siegfried Wagner said that he had almost completed his seventh opera, which will have the name of "Schwarzschwanenreich." The eighth opera, which will be more fortunate in going by the name of "Sounenflammen," is also under way. Like all the others, it is based on a German fairy-tale. His predilection for these tales may be traced back partly to the influence of his father, partly to that of his teacher, Humperdinck.

There was reason for giving an open-air performance of Verdi's Egyptian opera, "Aida," at the foot of the pyramid near Cairo. There was less for following this up with Mozart's "Magic Flute," as was done a few weeks ago. The public evidently did not see the reason for it, and the attendance was not very large. Mozart's orchestration is not sufficiently sonorous for such an experiment.

When an American firm published a life of Massenet, two years ago, the *Saturday Review* of London expressed its surprise that any one should waste his time writing about so insignificant a composer. As a matter of fact, Hammerstein owed his New York success chiefly to the operas of Massenet, and in France this composer's popularity has for several decades been second to no one's, and deservedly so, for he has the rare and divine gift of melody. Recently, at the time of his birthday, the papers of Germany, as well as of France, had appreciative articles on him. England is beginning to recognize his genius, as was shown by the comments on the recent production in London on his "Don Quichotte." In Paris, his "Hérodiade" has just had its hundredth performance, and his latest work, "Roma," has been successfully produced at the Grand Opéra, while at the Opéra Comique Clément has been delighting large audiences with "Manon" and "Werther."

The latest musical "find" is a song by Rossini with orchestral accompaniment by —Richard Wagner! In 1835 Rossini gave to the world a collection of twelve songs with piano accompaniment. The last of these is a duet, and this Wagner seems to have liked well enough to arrange the piano part for orchestra. He was only twenty-five at the time, and his income as conductor of the opera at Riga was so small that he could not afford to engage a copyist, but was obliged to write out all the separate orchestral parts himself. The duet was sung at a concert he arranged in 1835, for the first and probably only time. What gives it a particular interest is the

fact that the text depicts a storm at sea, and Wagner was at that time busy with the story of his marine opera, the "Flying Dutchman." The manuscript of this song is now in the hands of a Munich antiquarian. It belonged for years to the tenor Tichatscheck, the first Tannhäuser and an intimate friend of Wagner, who, strangely enough, believed it to be a Rossini manuscript which (he wrote on the cover) he had received from Conradin Kreutzer in Vienna, in 1830. Had he examined it, he would have seen that it is in Wagner's own elegant and legible handwriting, as Dr. Alfred Weinstein attests.

Much has been written lately about the surprising influence Liszt had as a harmonist on Wagner; an influence which Wagner was the first to admit, in a letter to Bülow; and on the harmonies of Liszt and Wagner all modern music is based. But the harmonies and modulations of Liszt and their root in Schubert, as Germany's leading theorist, Dr. Hugo Riemann has pointed out. The latest evidence of the ever-growing interest in Schubert is the announcement of the impending publication of a monumental biography, in three volumes, with 500 illustrations. Years have been spent in collecting the material, and the city of Vienna gave its support to the undertaking. The authors are Hans Effenberger and Otto Erich Deutsch. If any Americans are in possession of original documents available for this biography, Mr. Deutsch would be greatly obliged for information regarding them. His address is 102 Hadigasse, Vienna (XIII), Austria.

of passion and vitality. He loved the largest and most summary contours, and often attained to a remarkable nobility and simplicity of silhouette. It is as if a savage had paradoxically mastered the linear method of the Olympia marbles, retaining his own subjects and color. Gauguin's friend, the Hollander Vincent van Gogh, is the purest type of the Expressionist. In youth he poured out his enthusiasm as an evangelist among the Norman fishermen and the Welsh colliers. As a result of a sunstroke, he was soon overtaken by madness, and some of his best pictures were painted when he was an inmate of the asylum at Arles. His line has the crispation of abnormal emotion; his color recalls the incandescence of his friend Gauguin. The work has an appalling fascination.

Such are the founders of the school. The unformulated platform of many followers is the fullest indulgence of the creative impulse, regardless of so-called objective reality, and the most immediate expression of such impulse. Color is merely a token of mood; contour must be of a simplicity to admit of execution before the creative passion fades. Thus the models for the school are never the reflective artists of classical type, but savage craftsmen, or child-like artists of the dawn of the great historic schools. This programme is interlaced of sound precept and psychological absurdity. The cult of simplification is traceable as a vivifying tendency for a half-century and more past. Daumier and Millet are real ancestors of Gauguin and Matisse; Manet even more so. Puvis is the very apostle of the generalized contour. Rodin's drawings anticipate most of the Expressionistic novelties. In such technical regards, the Expressionists are legitimate inheritors of much that is best in the modern tradition.

Their peculiar and most debatable tenet is the cult of untempered impulse, coupled with hatred of all realism. The cult of impulse is, of course, the central doctrine of romanticism. The Impressionists, stemming from Manet, quite logically reduce the aesthetic and creative impulse to a momentary emotional state, requiring naturally the swiftest expression. To set down with masterful dispatch one's reactions to the visible world became the whole duty of the artist. This involved the sacrifice of the reflective beauties of art, and necessarily caused a deficiency in broader interest. But it will also be observed that this uncompromising reduction of the creative impulse to a momentary state carried with it a regulative principle in fealty to natural appearances. Romanticism thereby accepted the balance wheel of a genuinely scientific analysis of vision. In short, the true Impressionist is as humbly realistic in working out his impression

Art

The Post-Impressionists. By C. Lewis Hind. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50 net.

Taking the occasion of the much-discussed exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, London, Mr. Hind has brought together thirteen chatty essays and dialogues touching as many phases of what he chooses to call the Expressionist movement. Cézanne he reckons among its founders, it seems to us quite falsely, for Cézanne always remained in intention a naturalist. What he wished was to lend classic stability to the rather attenuated visions of the Giverny school. In this he succeeded admirably. No modern painter has so keen a sense of mass. Really to see a fine Cézanne is to have one's eyesight permanently improved. But the provincial conditions under which he lived and the episodic character of his art prevented him from applying his discoveries widely, and his importance is chiefly technical. Paul Gauguin has a better claim to the paternity of the school. A vehement, not to say violent, temperament, he paraded his social dissent through the West Indies and the Pacific Islands, consorting with the natives and producing barbaric canvases of a singular raw power. Color is for him largely symbolic, an expression

as he is romantically individualistic in conceiving it.

Expressionism, on the contrary, has nothing to do with specific natural appearances. It rejects incontinently all external checks. It regards the creative impulse as an unconditioned urge arising spontaneously in the artist and almost automatically projecting itself in the work of art. Such is the fair induction from the occasional writings and interviews of Henri Matisse, the most prominent representative of the movement. To show that this is quite vile as psychology is not difficult. There can be no visualization of emotion completely or even largely detached from the whole of the artist's experience. To reject our stored impressions of the visible world is impossible. When an artist pretends to do this, he is at best self-deceived. He may seem to be offering individual symbols that have never been sifted through his retina into his brain; what he is really doing is arbitrarily assembling and distorting more or less incongruous parts of his visual experience. Such a *potpourri* might be most ingenious, and not devoid of pleasure-giving quality; it would inevitably lack the seriousness and inner consistency that go to make a great work of art. And so far from being naive, such an attitude is merely an exaggerated variety of sophistication.

But it is seldom safe to judge any art movement by its theories. Artists rarely have the analytical gift that makes them good programme makers, and there is a restraining principle in work itself. Our fairest course would be to judge merely the work in such artists as the sculptor Maillol, the stylist Picasso, and the temporary leader Matisse. For Maillol, who carries very far the practice of the great unifying contour, apparently under the leading of ancient Egyptian sculpture, the reader is referred to the excellent essays of Meier-Graefe and Roger Fry. In a very learned kind of primitivism Maillol revives the austere grace of archaic sculpture while retaining, after all, a feeling essentially modern. His is merely an extreme and uncommonly successful phase of the archaism prevailing throughout the recent sculpture of Europe. Whether he will have greater success than Pasiteles, a delicate artist who tried the same experiment in the first century B. C., seems doubtful. Picasso reduces his elements of design to cubes, imposing upon the free art of painting the conditions that normally hold in the ruder types of basket weaving. The impression of the work hardly justifies the monotony of its fundamental convention. Matisse is the freest of the group, the most discussed, and the most interesting. The apostle of pure impulse, he professes to seek serenity, which at the outset seems a sentimental fallacy of Rousseau type. For serenity consists

in some kind of balance between impulse and intellect. His draughtsmanship is wilfully inaccurate and highly abridged. In the study of the single figure he has a power which seems to desert him in elaborate compositions, headlong impetuosity being replaced by a rather puerile sort of eccentricity. He is said to be quite ignorant of the facts of the figure. This may be admitted without denying to his drawing a kind of daemonic energy and interest. Such qualities are, after all, rarer than a topographical acquaintance with the human form. To the present writer all these three artists seem tinged with eccentricity and to be striking merely for directing the prevailing archaism in new and barbaric directions. Maillol perhaps stands best on his own merits, needing less apology as a pioneer. To any one amazed and disquieted by the rugged and spasmodic assertions of Matisse, and possibly exhilarated by the hope of an artistic revolution, the best advice would be to turn over an album of facsimiles of Rembrandt drawings, or a volume of Hokusai's "Mangwa." First, it will appear that in these old masters syncopation, simplicity, and the single contour are practiced with immensely greater energy and ability. And then it may be profitable to recall that Rembrandt spent years in the minutest analytical study, and that Hokusai passed through a rigorous course of tracing and copying old masters before indulging these audacities. In other words, they had earned their liberty, and it is doubtful if Matisse, prematurely upborne by a cult, has ever really earned his. On this whole matter of spontaneity Camille Mauclair has well said, "the fear of formulas, if exaggerated, may lead to other formulas, to a false ignorance which is as dangerous as false knowledge."

Unquestionably the new movement sets a premium on undisciplined individualism, and offers a danger to young artists. It has also powerfully influenced men of sound training. It is interesting and a little appalling to see an admirable draughtsman like Maurice Sterne cast tradition to the winds, repudiate a definite accomplishment, and accept newest and most doubtful hazards. Yet it is by such adventures that art is kept fresh, and the conservative detractors of Expressionism may do well to note that few of the younger and stronger artists of England and America have not in one way or another responded to this influence. And, surely, the cult of immediacy and simplicity can do only good so long as it draws well-balanced people. The hope of a complete anti-realistic revolution entertained by the extreme Expressionists will probably never be realized. Such highly symbolic and conventionalized an art as that of the Far East is not likely to supplant a millennial

Western tradition of selective realism. But the gospel of simplicity and immediacy may be and is a useful leaven in an art ever threatened by a narrow doctrine of imitation and a false practice of unreflective realism. Only, in weighing the more assertive works of the Expressionists, we may well insist that vehemence and sincerity, brusqueness and immediacy are not necessarily equivalent. A drawing by Rembrandt is far more simple and immediate than a drawing by Matisse, and also far more refined and powerful. With all Gauguin's energy there is a certain bluntness involved. We should be careful not to mistake the mere assertiveness for the power. A figure by Veronese or Corot is technically just as immediate and simple as a Gauguin. Why should we deny the objective simplicity of such artists merely because they possessed cool heads? Simplicity with these men, as with Puvis, was largely a matter of light. It may be doubted if it be really a gain to make it exclusively a matter of heat.

Thomas Pollock Anschutz, the artist, is dead at his home in Fort Washington, a suburb of Philadelphia. He was born, in 1851, of a family of German origin and was distantly connected with the Munich painter, Prof. Herman Anschutz. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and won many prizes, including the gold medal of the South American Exposition in Buenos Ayres in 1910. One of his best-known pictures is *The Ironworkers' Noon-time*.

The death is reported, at the age of sixty-eight, of the Danish sculptor, Louis Hasselriis.

Finance

"NOMINATION WEEK."

In asking, as most people are now asking, what the financial markets are likely to do after the nominations of the Republican Convention, and after those of the Democratic party, later in the month, discussion naturally centres chiefly on the political issues and the individual personalities involved. But it is also profitable, on occasions of this sort, to glance back over the record of other Presidential years, and see what the markets then did, under the more or less similar circumstances of nomination week.

A good many people have forgotten what happened in Wall Street during the last Presidential conventions—those of 1908. It was an "after-panic year"; Stock Exchange values had been moving downward in the week before Mr. Taft was nominated. The day after his nomination, prices broke again; in the next two or three days the break became violent. The Democrats met at Denver three weeks later, and on the 10th of

July they nominated Bryan; when that had happened, the market, after very brief hesitation, swept into an active upward movement, with advances of 5 to 10 points within a fortnight. That was the end of real political uneasiness in Wall Street.

There probably was never an occasion when the nominating conventions had so little unsettling influence on the markets as in 1904. Mr. Roosevelt's renomination had been taken for granted, and his Attorney-General, only a few weeks before, had assured the markets, when the Northern Securities suit was won, that the Government would not "run amuck"; while the Democratic nominee, Judge Parker, had promptly telegraphed the Convention, on learning of its proposed financial shuffle, that he would not accept its nomination except with the plain understanding that he regarded the gold standard as irrevocably established. The markets very naturally rose.

It cannot be said that the nominations of 1900 had any effect on financial sentiment. As a matter of fact, the renomination of both Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan was foreordained. But in the view of observant financiers, the election results were quite as much foreordained as the choices of the Conventions, and this was more particularly true when Bryan's demand for a free-silver-coinage plank in the Kansas City Convention's platform was adopted, after an angry controversy, only by a majority of two, contributed by Hawaii and the Indian Territory. There was much to worry the financial markets at that time, in the foreign news and the news from the grain and cotton crops. Yet, with all that, the markets, which had been well sold out in May and April, refused to decline any further in the political convention months. By August a forward movement was in progress, which eventually swept the markets into the great boom of November and the ensuing year.

The political atmosphere in the two or three months before the Conventions of 1896 was as highly charged as it has been this season. As in 1912, so in 1896, the eyes of the anxious political watcher were turned alternately from State to State, to see the beginnings of the struggle which was to shake the whole country later on. One after another, State Conventions of the Southern and Western Democrats were captured by the extreme free-silver-coinage school. People began to be doubtful even of the Republican Convention, and in the week before that Convention met, on June 16, the Stock Exchange situation bordered on panic. The sharp and bitter fight in the platform committee, resulting in two conflicting reports; the Convention's adoption of the "gold plank," promptly followed by the bolt of twenty-one silver delegates from the party, did not allay misgivings. At the end of the first

week of July the Democratic Convention assembled at Chicago.

The Democratic National Committee had selected Senator David B. Hill of New York for the temporary chairman, who should deliver the Convention's "keynote speech." By a vote of 556 to 349, the radical element in the Convention rejected him and chose a thorough-going free-coinage man instead. The Convention next voted down, by 2 to 1, a conservative "sound-money" plank proposed by the platform committee minority; it defeated with an uproar of shouts and cat-calls, by a vote of 564 to 357, a plank commanding the Cleveland Administration. The radical platform of the majority was adopted by 628 to 301, and it was in the debate on its money plank that Bryan, a young and little-known ex-Congressman, barely seated in the Convention as a contesting delegate, delivered his famous "cross-of-gold" speech. No one had even a majority on the first ballot for Presidential nominee, though Bland, the conservative bimetallist, who had been expected as the nominee, was 116 votes ahead of any other candidate, but on the fifth ballot Bryan received the requisite two-thirds majority. This was a sequence of events which no financial market could ignore. For a week the Stock Exchange stood almost motionless, as if stunned by the situation. Then began the convulsive break which introduced that agitated summer. Not until August 12, when Bryan spoke at New York in the great Madison Square Garden meeting, and it at once became plain that the East was not to be hypnotized by him, did the market lift its head.

There were certainly some resemblances between the circumstances of that Convention at Chicago and the extraordinary situation which now exists in the same city. What the markets will or will not do, is an open question, now as it was then. There is at least this much to be said: that in 1896 the election involved a vital question of financial policy, as it does not do to-day, and that the economic situation was as fundamentally unfavorable then as it is favorable now.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allingham, William. *By the Way: Verses, Fragments and Notes.* Longmans. \$1.60 net.

American Lumber Industry. Chicago: National Lumber Manufacturers' Association.

Armstrong, E. A. *The Indian Special.* The Bookery.

Baedeker's Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; Palestine and Syria. 1912. Scribner. \$2.40; \$4.20.

Barrington, Mrs. Russell. *Through Greece and Dalmatia.* Macmillan. \$3.50 net.

Baumann, Emile. *Trois Villes saintes.* Paris: Grasset.

Beaumont and Fletcher. Works. Edited by F. E. Schelling. American Book Co. 70 cents.

Black, J. S., and Chrystal, G. *The Life of William Robertson Smith.* Macmillan.

Booth, W. H. *Liquid Fuel and Its Apparatus.* Dutton. \$3 net.

Campor's Own Book. Compiled by G. S. Bryan. Log Cabin Press.

Champlain Society Publications. Vol. II, *History of New France*, by Marc Lescarbot. Toronto: The Society.

Chapman, F. M. *Birds of Eastern North America.* (Eighth revised edition.) Appleton. \$3.50 net.

Child, R. W. *The Blue Wall.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.

Colman, Samuel. *Nature's Harmonic Unity.* Edited by C. A. Coan. Putnam.

Cornford, F. M. *From Religion to Philosophy.* Longmans. \$3 net.

Danger. (Anonymous.) Boston: Badger. \$1.25 net.

Devine, T. G. *Madawaska.* Boston: Badger.

Dénèye, J. J. *Individualism.* Cleveland: Individualist Pub'g Co. 25 cents.

Dey, F. V. *The Magic Story.* Baker & Taylor.

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Dunlop, O. J., and Denman, H. D. *English Apprenticeship and Child Labour: A History.* Macmillan. \$3 net.

Fairchild, A. H. R. *The Making of Poetry.* Putnam.

Fiske, I. H. *Songs Before Birth.* Portland, Me.: The Mosher Press. \$1 net.

Flexner, Abraham. *Medical Education in Europe.* Carnegie Foundation.

Förster-Nietzsche, Elizabeth. *The Life of Nietzsche.* Vol. I. Sturgis & Walton. \$4 Net.

Foster, Roger. *Liberty of Contract and Labor Laws: Instruction Paper.* Chicago: American School of Correspondence.

Garis, H. R. *Lulu, Alice, and Jimmie Wibbawibb.* Fenco & Co. 75 cents.

Gertsmon, S. *Poems of the West.* Boston: Badger.

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Gleason, J. B. *New Auction and Dummy Play.* A. W. Gleason. \$1.25 net.

Good Roads Year Book of the United States. Washington, D. C.: Amer. Assn. for Highway Improvement.

Gray, Carl. *A Plaything of the Gods.* Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.25 net.

Greer, H. R. *A Prairie Prayer, and Other Poems.* Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.

Gull, C. R. *A Butterfly on the Wheel: Founded on the play.* Rickey & Co. \$1.25 net.

Guth, W. W. *Revelation and Its Record.* Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.25 net.

Hall, C. A. *How to Use the Microscope.* Macmillan. 55 cents net.

Hall, E. H. *Philipse Manor Hall at Yonkers, N. Y.* American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

Harding, S. B. *The Story of Europe: Elementary History.* Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 60 cents.

Harper, Alice. *Via Lucis and Other Poems.* South Nashville, Tenn.: M. E. Church Pub. House. \$1.

Hauptmann, Gerhart. *Gabriel Schillings Flucht.* Drama. Lemcke & Buechner.

Horton, R. F. *National Ideals and Race Regeneration.* Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.

Hunt, C. L. *The Life of Ellen H. Richards.* Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows. \$1.50 net.

Irving, Margaret. *Nature's Truths Told to a Little Maid.* Revised edition. The Bookery. 75 cents.

Lea, Homer. *The Day of the Saxon.* Harper. \$1.80 net.

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Mann, M. R. *The Unofficial Secretary.* Chicago: McClurg. \$1.25 net.

Marlowe, Christopher. *Works.* Introduction by W. L. Phelps. American Book Co. 70 cents.

Marvin, F. R. *Christ Among the Cattle: A Sermon.* Sixth edition. Boston: Sherman, French. 60 cents net.

Matthews, F. S. *Field Book of American Wild Flowers.* New edition. Putnam. \$2.

Moores, C. W. *The Story of Christopher Columbus.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Moulton, H. G. *Waterways Versus Railways*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2 net.
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 Wells, W., and Hart, W. W. *First-Year Algebra*. Heath.
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 Wisconsin Historical Society. *Proceedings Held October, 1911*. Madison: The Society.

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